

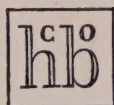
**SOME
FOLKS
WON'T
WORK**

CALKINS

Social Relations

SOME FOLKS WON'T WORK

BY CLINCH CALKINS



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SOME FOLKS WON'T WORK

INTRODUCTION

THIS book is about unemployment. A long word used with some elegance in the best society, but understood only in the humblest circles. There, in our most golden and prosperous years, it forms almost the exclusive vocabulary, by its power of crowding out all other articulate thought, of over one million Americans. To those who have experienced it, this word means, in plain English, being out of work. To those who have not experienced it, unemployment means nothing at all, and for them this book is written as a definition.

I have observed of this world that though it will be tragic, even voluntarily and willingly so, it will be uncomfortable no longer than it takes to shift the knee. It will be tragic long after the curtain has dropped upon the tragedy, but it will be uncomfortable not one moment longer than it takes to reach the open air. Tragedy to us means loss, and the human being has heroic powers of contraction, can close in upon incalculable vacancies. Tragedy has end, for it has shape. That is indeed why men will read tragedies, or watch them, for without their knowing it, a great novel or a great play gives, in its very shapeliness, a consolation for their own share of inescapable human sorrow.

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But let the tragedy drag on and on. Let our hero die of anemia rather than of murder. Let our heroine take up a burden instead of a remorse or sorrow. Then how many will sit in the audience to watch her sweat and strain? Very few, gentle reader. The sight of tragedy is moving, but the sight of misery is distasteful. For the comfortable have in their power to extend comfort to those who have none, and it lies upon their conscience that they have not done so. Therefore the audience becomes uneasy. Therefore it files silently out.

I tender the expectation that none of my readers has ever experienced the last ordeals of unemployment. Few survivors would deign to read the outlines of a story they know in so bitter detail. For although literature has perhaps given sufficient account of the pain that adheres to living, name me a book which has cast up in accurate columns, item for item, the wretchedness of merely keeping alive.

As I have read the family histories here presented which were gathered by the settlement workers of the United States, I have returned again and again in my mind to Lear. In olden days the important personages of the state were kings and princes. They were the body politic. "When the king sighed 'twas with a general groan." Outside the palace, supposedly, no life went on. But Lear in the storm on the heath loses the personal importance of his own grief

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in the sudden knowledge of the misery of his subjects. Forcing Poor Tom to enter the hovel, sole protection against the frightful storm, he says:

“In, boy: go first. You houseless poverty—Nay, get thee in. I’ll pray and then I’ll sleep. (*Exit Fool.*)

“Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop’d and window’d raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta’en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp:
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.”

PART ONE

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THE naïveté of the average secure person is impressive. He is under the illusion, ordinarily, that he is quite a man; that hard work and good management and, if he must admit it, a pretty good head have put him where he is. What he has accomplished, then, is ipso facto possible for other people. He may run a candy store in Boston, a feed grange in Illinois, or be president of Universal Engines. Outside of his own enterprises his imagination is not apt to function. Mention unemployment to many a man with a business of his own, or who has what he fondly supposes to be a permanent job, or who has made a few or even one advantageous move in his lifetime. "Some folks won't work," he says placidly, and documents his sincere conviction as to what is at the root of this matter with the true story of a man who preferred to hang around the corners.

"You know mill workers," said my cash grocer. "Now take it over in my neighborhood. They's all mill hands. The factories is closed down half of the time. This winter earlier than most, on account of the stock market. You know what mill hands is like. They just go home and wait for the factory to open."

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Now if it had of been me! I'd of went right away and got another kind of work."

My insurance agent took me in his car on some errands. We surveyed the suburban magnificence of Philadelphia. On the day before, I had been over in the district of Kensington. Many mills were closed. I ventured to bring up the subject of contrasts in Philadelphia.

"I was out in Kensington yesterday," I said. "Lots of people out of work. Pretty bad."

"Don't waste your pity," said my acquaintance, a man most generous in his dealings. "I tell you there isn't any such thing as being idle for people if they have any gumption. Some people won't work. I'd like to see anybody keep me out of a job. If I had a job and I got turned off, I tell you what I would do. I'd go around and knock on every door until I had landed a job. Some folks are too proud. They're too choosy. Or else they're lazy."

Another day I went downstairs to pay Mr. Howard for his butter and eggs. Mr. Howard has had a crisis in his life. I have scaled that emotional peak with him from various topical foothills. This was the moment when he told the milk company for which he worked what he thought of their underhanded milk-thinning methods, and was fired. But was he down and out? He was not! He went into the butter-and-egg line

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and has handled the public ever since! As he walks about my kitchen, looks into the refrigerator, estimates what I need, opens the cupboard, takes out a dish, fills it with eggs, ladles out some extra fancy oysters, smacks his lips, and smooths his front with a curvilinear motion over a recipe for Mrs. Howard's oyster pie, he is, for all who may see him or have the privilege of his conversation, a perfect example of the fact that not only is honesty the best policy, but that an honest man scorned can build up a tidy little business of the most select customers. "No sirree," he says, "don't you go believin' that a man can't find no work. If they don't work, it's because they don't want to work. They'd rather stay home by the stove or hang around the corners. In America, I says, anybody can work that has a will to do it. Now take me, for instance," and with his basket pushed high upon his arm to give peculiar play to the convincing gestures of his wrist and hand, Mr. Howard tells me the story of his success.

I have wondered how these three men would have responded to certain other of the social episodes which I later met.

I visited the Department of Public Welfare in the City Hall. Huddled in corridors of the new annex of the public mansion, the destitute of Philadelphia, who for the winter months were flooding its doors, waited their turn at the application desk. The

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charity organizations of the town, borne down by the weight of older social ills, could not handle the load of unemployment. Hence those who have lost their jobs and can find no others, turn up at the City Hall. Dozens of men and women came in during the morning I was there, but I heard the stories of only two. A strong young Italian day laborer said he had walked the streets for two months looking for work, that his baby was dying of mastoiditis, was too sick to be removed to the city hospital, and that very day the milk company had stopped delivering milk. A colored widow, sole support of her five children, came in half dazed with destitution. She had been evicted a week before. A neighbor had taken them in when they were on the street, but she could shelter them no longer. The mother said she had not eaten for two days, although her children had been fed until that morning. Her name was put on file, and she was referred to a bureau which would help her get her marriage license for a mother's pension. I was alarmed at such a delay as seemed implied, but I was soothed. "Maybe she isn't even married," said the civil officer, comfortingly. "Maybe she won't get any pension at all. Of course she has eaten. If you believed all they told you you would go crazy. There isn't any one here who hasn't eaten. Sure they eat."

I left the office and went out to lunch with a woman

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who knows a great deal about the working population of the city. "What will they do?" I asked. "Do these people who come to City Hall for help go hungry otherwise?" "Of course they go hungry," she said. "Some of them are starving now, but nobody will believe it."

The next day I heard my bell ring. I opened the door and greeted an Irishman, perhaps fifty years of age. He had the appearance of a man accustomed to labor, outdoors and in. His hair was white, his eyes blue, his tie was red. The sun, when he took off his hat, shone pink through his outstanding ears. Over a striped blue suit he wore a formal jacket of thick black cloth bound in black silk braid. The ensemble, though full of color, was of a rather formidable respectability. In his hand he held a yellow cardboard shirt-box. This shook in his hands like a leaf in an eddy of air.

"Like to buy any needles and pins?" he said.

I felt a sudden ardor for needles and pins and invited him in for lunch. He was an interesting guest.

"How is work generally in Philadelphia now?" I asked.

"Can't buy a job for money. I'm getting old myself, of course, but I know young men, as fine mechanics as ever worked, have been walkin' the streets all winter. There ain't any work to be had."

"Worse than last spring?" I asked.

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"Ten times worse. Why, missis, I am lucky. I'm a sheet-metal worker, and of course every year before Christmas I'm laid off, but I have this little business here. I ain't bad off. I have a place to sleep and I can eat. But I tell you, over in North Philadelphia where I live I worked a street for three blocks yesterday, and on that street eight out of every ten men is out of work. I knocked at what I thought was a pretty good place. I asked the woman did she need some pins and she said her husband was walkin' the street himself that minute lookin' for work. Then all of a sudden she asked me if there was any money in needles and pins. I told her what I'm tellin' you. The poor folks that need 'em can't buy 'em, and the rich folks that could buy 'em don't use 'em, and I suppose what I get comes from folks inclined to charity. But I told her how much I made and that I had a place to sleep and I could eat. Tears come to her eyes. 'My man started out on dry bread this morning,' she said, 'and if he can't find nothin' it will be dry bread tonight when he comes home.'"

As a multiplication of this incident take the survey of unemployment in Philadelphia which was made in April, 1929.¹ The Philadelphia census was taken, let it be remembered, in prosperous times. Accord-

¹ Made jointly under the direction of Dr. Frederick Dewhurst and Mr. E. A. Tupper by the Department of Industrial Research, University of Pennsylvania, and the City Bureau of Compulsory Education.

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ing to its estimates, there were, among the 2,071,000 residents of Philadelphia, 931,950 workers. Of these, 96,900 or 10.4 per cent. were out of a job. Nearly 100,000 out of work in one city alone.

There are 481,630 Philadelphian families. In 1929 over 16 per cent. of them were experiencing unemployment. Fifty per cent. of the unemployed had been out of work for three months, 28 per cent. for six months. Nearly 12 per cent. had been out for more than a year. A second survey in April, 1930, disclosed how bad times exaggerate the unemployment we have come to accept as normal. Unemployment of April, 1930, exceeded that of April, 1929, by nearly 40 per cent. In the new figures, the percentage rises to 14.4 or roughly one man in every 7. Although some were idle because of sickness, old age, or other causes, 11.7 per cent. of the working population according to the 1930 figures were idle because they could find no work to do. Startling conditions were shown in a district of South Philadelphia, south of Washington Avenue and east of Broad Street, in which 19.7 per cent., or one worker in every 5, was out through inability to find a job. In a second district, east of Broad Street and south of Girard Avenue, 17.4 per cent. of the workers were unable to find work.

Let us put this in clearer figures. If you were, in April, 1928, a Philadelphia manufacturer, and be-

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cause of depression, new machinery, or of reorganization for any cause, you let 100 of your workers go, hereby be informed that 50 of your men presumably looked for work three months before they found it; that 28 of them looked for six; that 12 of them, very probably the 12 least able to bear this burden, were out of work for longer than a year. This analogy errs on the side of moderation, of course, since the men who were counted in the estimate were still idle when the estimate was made. Your unemployed of 1930 are probably looking yet.

"They can't be looking very hard," you say. "They probably sit at home and wait for something to turn up."

"Contrary to the widely held opinion," said Dr. Dewhurst, director of the survey, speaking of the earlier figures, "that idleness is wilful, that the unemployed are lazy or indifferent, our investigators, who were detached, intelligent observers, reported that only 4 out of 100 were indifferent. Fourteen were sick. Five were old. But try though they might, 71,000 of the unemployed, 75 out of every hundred, could find no work to do. It seems significant that this unemployment, surveyed in good times, matched that of 1915, a period of severe depression and desperate idleness. Then the unemployed formed 10.3 per cent. of the working population. In April of 1929, they formed 10.4 per cent."

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Here are two sides of the matter. How would the first three persons whom I quoted regard the comments of those who followed them? They were not wilfully chosen, ignorant, conceited men. I believe them to be representative of a very large sector of the secure and that they could be duplicated among men of greater affairs and far more widely educated. They were sincere and credible. From their own experience, they spoke truly. Although it is not beyond the bounds of reason that they should be discomfited by unemployment, yet it is unlikely. Each has escaped, by independence and his own inventiveness, the rôle of hireling. Each has built up a credit system, and within a certain world of *laissez faire* his entire being operates—his wits, his diligence, his manners. He sees no stage upon which these could ever be ignored, since upon his own stage he has made them count. He has managed his world well; ergo, the world is manageable.

He thinks of the job as ductile, waiting only to be led out by a moral magnetism. Indeed his whole attitude toward work is moral. A man who does not work is lazy. Laziness is sinful (reprehensible, disgusting, punishable). And since, by the same reasoning, to work is virtue, the man who inclines to labor must find labor to do, just as in religion, if grace is sought, grace is to be found. Speak to him of the incontrovertible results of trade cycles, mechaniza-

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tion in industry, market changes, and you speak of the Pleiades. There is no planet other than his own. All lesser worlds are moons grown cold.

But speak to him also of men of lesser wit, other talents, more limited opportunity, and you speak of nobody. He not only has one world, but that world is inhabited exclusively by men exactly like himself.

What is the truth? Do dependability, faithfulness, industry, and initiative invariably find their market, as the moralist believes? What is the composite story of losing the job? Let us approach the matter as if we were always experiencing good times. Are the unemployed lazy—that is, lazier than the employed? Are the employers who let them out heartless and relentless wretches? Or are they too worked about like pebbles by a river of progress too powerful to resist? Has our population got ahead of us? Is it man's children, his inveterate inclination to multiply, that is working him out of a job, or is it his wits, which for the last century have busied themselves in making substitutes for his working power?

Let us keep these questions in mind as we read the personal experiences of the unemployed. If we read economists' problems or labor statistics, we do not find what the moralists are looking for. Where man is reckoned by the hundred thousand, where his birth is prophesied by census estimates, where he can

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be lifted out of one column of war-losses and put into another of emigration, the genius man might just as well be so many yards of carpet or of any other ticketed commodity dear to the minds of arithmeticians; his spirit has escaped up a stairway of graphs. But if we might isolate and visualize one single statistic, we would know that he cried when he was born, that he was given a name, and that he will be given burial when, reluctantly or thankfully, he dies. An unmoving history, but it makes vital statistics. He is a very little figure, but after we have added him up, he becomes something more than a lump sum.

Long before last winter's depression became a matter of public comment settlement workers were aware of a growing increase in the amount of unemployment and a lengthening of the periods during which individual workers were unable to secure jobs. The settlements are in a peculiarly advantageous position to observe. They know their neighbors in good times and in bad, as individuals with tastes, habits, and ambitions. They know that the unskilled and the semi-skilled workers are on the whole an ambitious group, the parents struggling to give their children better opportunities than they themselves had, and the children alert and groping for ways to succeed as success is understood in America.

The American settlement movement came into

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being in the blackest depression that the country has ever known, that of 1892-1894. The first half dozen houses had to fight for their lives along with their neighbors. Soup kitchens, relief work, service on trade-union committees, participation in relief-raising campaigns, all the makeshifts characteristic of industrial crises, taxed the energy of the settlement pioneers. They had hoped that they were establishing centers of cultural life to bring the resources of the universities into their neighborhoods. They found themselves committed to the tragic task of helping large numbers of people to keep body and soul together. In the four decades since the establishment of the settlements, there have been four separate industrial crises, none of them quite as bad as the first, yet each one tragic enough and costly in its own way. In 1926 settlement workers saw that another of these visitations was about to descend upon them. At the third International Conference of Settlements held in Amsterdam in 1928, Dr. Henry deMan pointed out that one of the most marked characteristics of modern industrialism is the rapidly growing class of the permanently unemployed, a group which is quite as much a product of the machine process as the objects turned out by the machines. Settlement experience fully bears out this formulation of the Belgian economist. Settlement workers have become conscious

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of a growing number of skilled men with long and excellent work records who have lost their positions for causes fully outside their control and have been unable to recover their places in industry. Sometimes they have been wholly out of work for such long periods that they have lost faith in themselves and in society and have become in some measure unemployable. Settlements have had to watch families, at one time self-respecting and competent, become discouraged, shiftless, and finally perhaps anti-social.

In June, 1928, the National Federation of Settlements met in conference in Boston. The program committee chosen for that year decided that no one other force at work against the contemporary family compared in magnitude with unemployment. The Chicago Federation of Settlements had already carried on a local inquiry. As a result of this conference an Unemployment Committee² was appointed under the chairmanship of Miss Helen Hall, director of University House, Philadelphia, with the task of gathering evidence of the effects of unemployment on the individual and on the family. For although there has been a literature on unemployment, no factual study of its effects upon the family had been made. A machinery was at once put into operation and

² Chairman, Helen Hall. Secretary, Irene Hickok Nelson. Treasurer, S. Max Nelson. Other members, Frederick Dewhurst, Ethel Dougherty, Helen Harris, Paul U. Kellogg, Bruno Lasker, Mary Van Kleeck. Ex Officio, Charles C. Cooper, Albert J. Kennedy.

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over three hundred records were brought in from thirty cities in twenty-three States.³

It was not the purpose of this study to show how business depressions can be prevented, how seasonal work can be regularized, or how workers can be adjusted to technological changes. Rather, the findings should be useful in answering two questions raised by the study itself. First, whether or not such unemployment cannot and should not be prevented. Second, whether the burden of such unemployment as may be a necessary part of our changing industrial life and over which the workers have little or no control, should be allowed to fall most heavily on those least able to bear it.

There are several widely held ideas about unemployment which this book should dispel. One of them is that unemployment comes only in hard times. These stories were gathered in a fairly prosperous era. People produced, people bought, people consumed. A second presumption is that under unemployment only those suffer who have been too thrifless to save. And still a third, the most pervasive of

³ These were analyzed by the secretary of the committee, Mrs. Irene Hickok Nelson, formerly of the Union Settlement of New York City. It may be of interest here to record that the complete case-records of the National Federation of Settlements Unemployment Study are being edited by the Department of Industrial Research of the University of Pennsylvania, under the direction of Dr. Joseph Willits, and will be published as a source book in the autumn of 1930 by the University of Pennsylvania Press, 3440 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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them all, is that if a man really wants to find work, he can find it. You may judge for yourself if such ideas are founded in truth after you have read the sagas of these families, known over a period of years by close observers.

Neighborhood workers are well qualified not to be deceived as to the true facts of this modern spectacle or to be undone by its emotional aspects. They know the effects of unemployment not from hearsay or by rumor, but from the closest watching. Some of the young fathers and mothers of these stories, now dislodged from their accustomed place in society, have been known since they were children to the settlement of which they were members, and have been affectionately watched through a promising youth.

The reader cannot too often remind himself that in the cases which follow, the worker is out of a job for causes beyond his control. No history was accepted in which temperamental maladjustment, drink or sickness or incompetence, was the determining factor of unemployment. Also he cannot too often remind himself that they are stories of what we call good times. The very last of them was collected and put on file in March, 1929—that is, a full half year before the market collapse of the following fall. The hoped-for business revival will only return us to the conditions which are described in these pages. The one group of stories which treats of the so-called

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Black Winter of 1930 appears at the close of this book. The automobile industry was chosen as exemplifying its stress and an investigation was carried on in Detroit, Pontiac, and Flint in January, 1930. Although thus treated separately, as being outside in chronology, they are, too, a history of our normal industrial life, for no dénouement so dramatic as Miss Hall describes could come about in the four months' interval between the collapse and her inquiry. Hers is rather the end of a story begun, like the other, some years ago.

Not the end, either. For it is not finished.

PART TWO

LET GO

PART TWO

LET GO

I

HOWEVER the calamity strikes, with a month's notice, a day's, or an hour's, whether it is expected or whether it is unexpected, whether the falling off of orders and broken time or new shipments of machinery arriving at the plant make you apprehensive of your fate, or whether a good hard drizzle sends you home without warning, the event is the same. You are out of a job. The economist may diagnose your lay-off as being brought about by mechanization, seasonal slackness, style or market changes, business vicissitudes, or depression. It is all the same to you. You are let go.

What is your experience? Say you are Arturo Giaimo of Madison, Wisconsin, who is dependent upon the seasons. Since the study discarded all instances in which unemployment was within the worker's control, Giaimo would have had no claim on our attention when he voluntarily left the round-house of a railroad. He had been employed there by the P. & X. for ten years, seven nights a week, when in the spring his wife died of tuberculosis. Giaimo had

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six children, the oldest a daughter of sixteen. He did not feel that he could leave them at home alone at night. In view of his long service he felt justified in asking the railroad to give him day work.

He was refused, so he left, hoping to find a job which would enable him to keep his family under the same excellent care given them by their mother. At this period his unemployment becomes typical of seasonal work and as such merits our attention. For the only job he could find was in the street-cleaning department, which depended somewhat on the elements. The wetness of Madison's thaws, the cut steel of its blizzards, the exhaustion in its cold and heat, are melodramatic.

But besides seasonal slackness, the mechanization of street-cleaning processes further confused Mr. Giaimo. The city bought some new labor-saving machinery. Giaimo was out of work from the first of November until after March, having only fifteen days of work in December. After the snow, he was given some work repairing pavements. The Giaimo family had lived frugally during their mother's long illness. Their income, though not large, had been steady, and they had been able to plan their spending. They had food in variety. Now they eat bread, potatoes, and beans. How much of these their father can buy for them depends upon the state of the streets.

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Or what if mechanization has let you out? Say you are Knut Jervis. He is of Scandinavian-Scotch-English descent, a third-generation American. In fact his grandfather was an officer in the Civil War. Jervis is by trade a mixer of the colored printing-inks used by lithographers. Although he has four children, and although he had suffered occasional lay-offs lasting several weeks (almost the quickest known depreciator of savings accounts), he had been able to save on his weekly wage of \$37. The Jervises lived in a nice little two-story, seven-room house with modern conveniences in a respectable neighborhood. But during the last lay-off, machines were installed which laid on solid colors of ink and blended them. This is his subsequent history. Between October, 1928, and March, 1929 (six months), Jervis made \$100—at anything he could get—for the most part laboring and stevedoring. When their savings were gone and when they could no longer pay their rent, the Jervises went to stay for a month with friends while he located a place to live. He finally found one for \$12 a month. To meet expenses he pawned their possessions and sold their radio, for which, according to their habit in buying, they had paid cash. The new house is one room deep, has an outside toilet, no heater, and no kitchen stove. A gas-plate in the basement kitchen has to heat the entire house. When their case was reported by a policeman on the beat, both parents and children were

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destitute of shoes and clothing. A city nurse obtained for them a \$3-a-week order for groceries. Fortunately for the family, Jervis was injured on his last day's work as stevedore and went to bed with ulcerated legs and a strained back. I say fortunately, for besides medical aid, the company paid him \$15 a week indemnity.

Or what if your trade disappears with style changes, and you are one of the Hanlon sisters of Boston? All your working life you have depended upon making wire hat-frames for your support. They go out of style, and you are suddenly thrown back upon the savings which were to have seen you through old age.

Or market changes may have been responsible for your unemployment. Or other business vicissitudes. You are Musset, the Chicago piano teacher, and the radio and victrola have undone you. Or you are Alberto Sapelli, a chef who has had the same job for eight years. The restaurant which employs you refuses to sell wine and goes out of business. You cannot even buy milk for your baby.

Or say that trade shifts oust you. You are Nicholas Poulos of Boston. In the nineteen years since you came from Greece, you have worked in shoe factories there. But the shoe industry has increasingly left New England. In your early days you had no work for

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one month, part time for three months, and full time the rest of the year. Now you work full time for one month and part time for five, and for the remaining six you do not work at all. Since even for full time you never received more than \$25 a week, on which your wife Helen and your three children, George, Theodore, and Katherine, have had to live, it is thanks to Helen's extraordinary thrift that you made any savings at all. What has the decentralization of the shoe industry done to you?

This is what happened to the Nicholas Poulos family. First they lost two insurance policies. Rent fell in arrears, so the mother, Helen, found work in a laundry. During the weeks in which Mr. Poulos also had work, her weekly earnings of \$12 enabled the family to pay back some of the money they owed to their friends.

But Mrs. Poulos worked beyond her strength. In spite of her utmost efforts at management, her children had to be neglected. The youngest was reported by the school as being undernourished and had to be fed at the School Diet Kitchen. She resented her husband's idleness, said he did not try to find work. He became inert and fatalistic. They quarreled and were under constant domestic strain.

So it goes for the 300 families with whom these stories deal. Cyclical depression merely gives a new visibility to a recurrent situation. Such a winter as

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followed upon the market collapse differs not in the kind but in the quantity of unemployment from the winters lately preceding it and soon to come again. The suicides and starvations which it produces are but the putting into italics of a well-worn statement.

The oldest and one of the most controllable causes of unemployment is seasonal slackness. People have wound their tastes and their habits around the weather. Although certain business operations, notably those dependent upon agriculture, are unavoidably seasonal, much of our spasmodic production and consumption is the result of habit.

Since it is generally accepted that the state of the highly seasonal building trades is an index to business activity, and since government proposals to set wage money into circulation are usually through the medium of building operations, let us take a look at those workers dependent upon them. The world does its moving on the first of May and the first of October. These are the most popular leasing dates. They appear in the horoscopes of linemen, electricians, floor-layers, cement finishers, brick-layers, carpenters, plasterers, lath-carriers, and wreckers. They affect also men in the contributory hardware and cabinet work, and the casual unskilled laborer necessary to these operations. Back of this seasonal leasing habit is the custom of the builders to begin construction in the spring and close it in the fall. They yield slowly to the engineering advances which have learned how to shield operations from inclement weather so that

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they may be prosecuted throughout the year. Yet how this habit may have arisen with irrelevance to seasonal necessities was shown by a committee growing out of the President's Unemployment Conference of 1921 which revealed that building is all but as seasonal in the southern States as in the North.

How do their slack times hit the workers in the building trades? Last winter over 43 per cent. were reported out. But what is their normal year in more prosperous times? The Rileys can tell us.

Take a Grand Street car, or a bus across town to the lower East Side of New York. Here the cacophony of human sound will make you deaf, the speed of human movement make you dizzy. Existence will even smell high to your nose. Spring is heady, summer is turgid, winter slovenly but penetrating. But in spite of every vinegar of debasement, the standard coin is uncorroded. The ideal is strong, the tradition and ritual of better life persistent. Aristocratic Jewish rabbis rear fine families across dark hallways from the broods of slatterns. Over west a little, the Italians too, and the Chinese, and down on Jackson Park and on Front and Water Streets the Irish, conserve healthy snobberies among themselves. But the East Side remains, a tyrannical economic dominion, with a population at once volatile and static.

Some few better themselves and move Bronxward or across the bridges, but for the whole, the problem

of subsistence gnaws away at life like a rat. The effort of the nervous system for survival against the din of multiplication and subdivision is too much for itself, even without the worse horror of want to wear it down.

In this district live the Irish-American Rileys. Mr. Riley is thirty-four, and Mrs. Riley is thirty-two. Mr. Riley owns to what must have occurred to many as the enviable occupation of wrecker. Who has read the sign, The Universal Wrecking Company, without the grim determination to take a job on its crew? At any rate wrecking suited Riley, and Riley suited the wreckers. He was well liked by his employers. He had no special training for his job, but he was very ingenious about figuring out new ways to wreck. When he worked, he made \$28.50 a week. But though wrecking seems iconoclastic, being as it is a mere destroyer of Penates, it is a building trade. So there were slack periods for Riley. During these he worked as a dock laborer, but returned loyally to his wrecking profession when the slack season was over. This he did for five years.

But Riley's wrecking firm failed and went out of business.

Thereafter Riley scoured the town for jobs. He tried to get work on the docks again. Hundreds of men were there before him, awaiting, like predatory birds upon the beach, the sighting of a ship. Besides,

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he had let his membership lapse in the dock laborers' union. During three months of knocking about, doing errands, following up advertisements in papers, and hanging around many agencies, he was able to earn about \$50. This was in a normal year.

So much for Riley.

Maggie Riley, his wife, comes from a family who were comfortably off in the days when there were more Irish than any other nationality in the district. Her grandmother owned a tenement on Henry Street and made more money running it than any landlord who has owned it since, she states with pride. When Maggie refused to better herself by marrying the man her grandmother selected for her and ran off with Tom Riley instead, the old lady warned her angrily of bad days to come. It was these faint outlines of grandeur drawn upon her past that made Mrs. Riley so susceptible to that romantic social zenith of her life, her employment in the Green Line Cafeteria for \$9 a week.

When Riley lost his work he had no savings. The combination of four children and a peak income of \$28.50 is not conducive either to savings accounts or investment. Since the first admonitory finger which the comfortable raise in reproach against the suffering of the unemployed is "Why don't they save?" let us inspect the situation for a leak. Just what part of the \$28.50 could the Rileys have put away in a sock?

A most interesting accompaniment of bad times is the lulling major cords of bankers who rush reassuringly into print with asseverations as to the increase of savings deposits. Rubinow has analyzed them: the Rileys are not there. As near to a bank as Mrs. Riley will ever get will be to scrub that vaulted cathedral at midnight.

However, as I was saying, the Rileys had no savings. So they ran into debt. They fell behind on their furniture and insurance. At first Mrs. Riley rather went to pieces and rushed about, trying to get help. Then she made frantic attempts to get a job herself. Novels could be written about this particular period in unemployment—the almost invariable shift of wage-earning from the man's to the woman's shoulders because women will work for less pay. She felt she could not take a full-time job because of her children. Finally she got work in a thriving, well-run cafeteria downtown from eleven to three. She was paid \$9 a week. And what wonders she did with \$9! She slapped it on insurance. She slapped it on the rent arrears. She slapped it on furniture installments.

She had the greatest enthusiasm for her work. She loved the way the Green Line was managed. "Everybody working hard every minute but nobody being put upon or yelled at or made to feel like a slave." In a burst of confidence in her ability to earn, she

somehow managed to get a loan from a Morris Plan Bank and pay back some money she had borrowed from a neighbor. Then suddenly the Green Line cut down on the number of people employed, and five or six of the newest comers were dismissed, Mrs. Riley among them. In spite of this blow she insists that the Green Line is a grand place. Since then she has worked at the sandwich counter of the Five and Ten and at several obscure eating-places near the docks. She received less pay, and had longer hours, and endured many humiliations. She had learned several little airs and graces at the Green Line, and once when she asked a group of laborers if they wanted "tomahto" sandwiches, they roared at her and said, "Will you listen to the broad puttin' on airs." But she had to give up even this work when Rosey, aged eight, contracted an illness which seemed directly traceable to "poverty and makeshifts resulting from unemployment."

The present state of affairs in the Riley ménage admits of no discussion. Being Irish, the Rileys will hope for a turn of luck.

The kind-hearted employer everywhere, and there are many of these, will blink until he, too, can conjure up that comfortable mirage. But as far as the coldly naked eye can see, across the present desert no caravans are coming for the Rileys.

Mrs. Raymond, wife of a Philadelphia roofer, in briefly describing four months of 1929, can also tell us of the builders' normal year of recent prosperous times.

The nine Raymonds have been living on the weekly \$7 which Joe, fifteen years old, makes as an errand-boy in a drug store. This has been supplemented by \$3.80 which Mr. Raymond received for one day's work with the city during a snow-storm and \$10 which he earned for putting a roof on a house for a chauffeur in his old firm. The children were regarded by the settlement which they attended as being suspiciously thin. Also four-year-old Buddy had pneumonia three times in the winter. It was through Buddy's illness that their need was revealed.

Says Mrs. Raymond: "I've got two of the children out of school now because they haven't any shoes, and soon they will all be out.

"When my husband's working steady I can just manage, but when he's out things go back. First I stop on the damp wash, then on the food, and then the rent goes behind. We hated to have Joe go to work, because his father wanted him to get a good trade, but not with the sheet-metal business, because their work is unsteady. I've got a brother in the sheet-metal work and he's been out since Christmas; just little odd jobs here and there. You just can't manage with odd jobs and a family. You've got to have

that pay envelope every week, or the children don't eat."

When Sarah Levy, aged two, was absent from the settlement nursery one of the staff called on the family. Somewhat shortened, I shall give their story in the caller's words:

"The worker walked into the grocery store through which one must pass in order to reach the apartments on the floor above, and was directed up several flights of cleanly swept stairs to the Levy apartment. Loud knocks on the door of the third floor rear brought forth a woman who lives in the front apartment on the same floor. She said that Mrs. Levy was probably not in, since both she and her husband went out to look for work every day. 'For a long time they were so proud they wouldn't go to the Society for help,' continued the neighbor. 'I guess they'd rather starve. She did go somewhere, though, because now the little one is put in some kind of place to be cared for during the day.'

"At this moment the door in the rear opened abruptly, and Mrs. Levy appeared, holding a sleepy child in her arms, and asked me into a spotless, bare establishment. They had been sleeping, she said, to forget they were hungry. Her husband, an excellent carpenter, who had been in steady work since 1909, had been out of a job for ten months, and was that moment walking the streets. 'We lived in New York

City before we came here several years ago,' said Mrs. Levy, 'and we lived in a castle like queens compared to our life now.' A wail from the child in her arms brought forth, 'I hate to give her patent medicines, but the woman downstairs in the grocery was sorry to hear the kid had such a cough, and she gave me this stuff.' She took the bottle and measured out a few spoonfuls. 'I was a good cashier and I could be out looking for work if the kid wasn't sick, but I shouldn't blame her.' A loud cry from the child interrupted her. 'Guess I'll have to give her something to eat—don't know what. I wouldn't go down to the grocery and charge anything more. I owe him \$20 already. I've got one thing in the house, and that's a box of oatmeal.' She proceeded to prepare a dish of dry cereal for herself and child. 'You know you can get a box for a dime and it doesn't taste so bad without milk.

" 'When Sarah was born, my husband was working steady—sometimes making fifty a week. When I came back from the hospital with the baby I found a \$100 bill under my pillow. He belonged to the carpenters' union at Twenty-sixth Street. In that place they used to have so much work that they had to have agents to hunt up men to take the jobs. Now there's no need for the agents or the workers. It wouldn't do any good anyway, because my husband hasn't paid his dues for months. There was a friend of his, a car-

penter who had six children, owned his own house and everything, but was out of work for fourteen months and got so discouraged he turned on the gas.' ”

A stop to the garrulous Mrs. Levy.

John Biddle is a carpenter of Louisville. He and Mrs. Biddle lived in the same cottage for eighteen years, distinguishing it from the others on the street by a high order of gardening. Even now, with rent far in arrears, the landlord does not evict them, because they have given his property such excellent care. In previous years, savings have seen the Biddles over seasons when carpentering was slow. Times changed; work vanished. At first, through tactful approach of church and settlement, small gifts were made. Later when it became necessary to extend actual relief, Mrs. Biddle wept with injured pride. Now she sends grocery lists of things to be supplied.

William Lovejoy, a carpenter of Cleveland, is a Negro. The Negro is harder hit in dull times than the white, although differently. During the course of a year, he will have had more jobs but also more unemployment than the average white worker. In times of depression, the suffering among Negroes is extreme. The Lovejoy saga is a clear instance of race prejudice as such, since this family is superior both in intelligence and education to many of the white workers who have received preferment at their

expense. Lovejoy finished grammar school and the first year of high school in Georgia. His wife, too, had had a fairly good education at a girls' school. Her mother had been a school-teacher. Lovejoy's father and older brothers had been carpenters, and he had learned his trade from them. He was forced to join the carpenters' union in 1923. Then, because union wages were as high for colored workers as for others, his white employers dropped him from their pay-roll and hired white help instead. For the past seven years he has depended on odd jobs of any kind, such as carrying bricks for brick-layers, acting as porter, and anything else he could find to do.

The Lovejoys have always been much concerned about the spiritual and physical welfare of their children. During spells of unemployment they have lived on next to nothing, so the children have been much undernourished. At every turn of fortune for the better they tried to get a little saved against the next drouth. During 1926 and 1927 Lovejoy had work quite regularly, averaging \$5 and \$6 a day for at least nine months out of the year. So he had bought on a rental plan a small one-family house built by the contractor who employed him. It is inadequate for a family of nine, but much better than the rented places in which they had formerly lived. Here they were able to have a yard space for the children to play.

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From the spring of 1928 to December, 1928, they lived mainly on an occasional day's work done either by the father or the mother and \$2 or \$3 a week earned by George in shining shoes. All of this time it was very hard to meet payments on the house. Once it looked as if everything were lost. They finally mortgaged their furniture to obtain a loan sufficient to take care of the payments. Often the whole family went hungry, particularly the father and mother. Mrs. Lovejoy was given one day's work a week at the settlement camp, cleaning and doing laundry. Here she could bring the younger ones where they were fed for this one day. Somehow they have managed to exist without calling upon agencies for help. Mrs. Lovejoy, by making over gifts of old clothes, keeps her children neatly dressed with almost no expense.

Through every vicissitude, it has been the family aim to keep the children in school at all costs, and to have them learn some means of livelihood.

Race prejudice may thus change the incidence of unemployment. For a sense of its general dimension, however, in the building trades, let me give the laconic facts of eight fairly typical families.

Chicago: House painter, almost forty (also decided artistic gift—painting, pottery). Seven children, 2 to 15 years old. Unemployment seasonal. Desolate condition recurs year after year.

Annual effects. Saving used to pay back debts. Family penniless. Rooms usually unheated. One year a baby died, partly from the cold, they thought. Accept aid, though pride makes them give many excuses. Entire family gifted and intelligent; all except the two boys, who were put in the country school by Hull House, where they thrive, are frail. Husband refuses to bootleg. (A result, you will notice, which seemed important to the recorder.)

Buffalo: House painter. Thirty. Eager to work. Humiliated to have to run from agency to agency asking for help. Savings gone. Bills due everywhere. Only income \$7 a week Veterans' Relief Bureau, for family of five.

Charleston, South Carolina: Skilled carpenter. Age not given. Two children, third expected. When unemployed willing to do anything, clean up yards, housecleaning, etc. Family forced to receive all necessities of life from charity.

Roxbury, Mass.: Roofer's helper. Two children. Married without resources. Never could afford furniture. Higher rent for furnished rooms. No savings. Debts. Two months' rent due. Children too young for mother to go to work. One child gravely ill from malnutrition. Wife considers returning to parents.

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Philadelphia: Carpenter (wife a dress-operator). Two boys. Man out six months at a time. Turned to bootlegging and was arrested. Wife with an outside job, two babies to care for and housework, undertook to eke out income by taking relatives to board. Too rushed to cook well. They complained of food and departed. Debts everywhere. Payments on house overdue. Both worn out. When story was reported, man and wife had become estranged and expected to part the following day, she to take and support the children.

Boston: Floor-layer. Aged forty. Eight children. Savings (\$700) used up. Bills. Rent 4 months overdue. Insurance lapsed. Eviction notice. Charity received. Child of two died, December, 1928. New baby born January, 1929.

Philadelphia: Carpenter. Aged forty. Three children. Various substitute jobs: electric wiring, making radio cabinets, planting trees, etc. Skilful management. Savings used. Payments overdue on house. Insurance policies sold to pay property taxes. Two boarders taken. Wife works in factory when she can get a job. Housework afterward.

Chicago: Painter and decorator. Two children, one married. Son aged nineteen, truck driver, unem-

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ployed. Fine couple, hard working and provident. Formerly always able to weather dull seasons with savings. Had been able to pay \$2000 down on \$5000 house, and had paid off all but \$1700 in monthly installments when unemployment struck them. They also owned a Hupmobile. Wife has helped by cooking out and taking care of confinements. Took in boarders. Car laid up. Payments on house and union dues lapsed. Insurance carried by accumulated dividends. Enough money borrowed from friends to save house. Food cut to \$4 a week for three people.

III

The phrase "technological unemployment" has a modern sound, but technological unemployment is not new. Labor-saving devices are as old as laziness; the first plow was mechanization.

What is the actual import of mechanical change to the individual whom it displaces? Let us begin with some of the simpler occupations; a newsbutcher, an iceman, a broom-maker. The most instant thought about mechanization is that it takes place only in factories and affects only industrial workers. A peculiar refutation of this conception is the story of the Carters of Columbus, Georgia. Theirs was a southern idyll. Mr. Carter met the lady of his life in Texas when he was seventeen and she was fifteen. They were engaged in a week. Then he went off to seek his fortune. After eight years, having established himself in the newsbutchers' business in Macon, he returned for his bride. Mrs. Carter, even in the midst of the *débâcle*, says she "ain't had no mind to regret it." A newsbutcher is a man who peddles papers, magazines, and food in the trains. Carter worked for the news agents and handled twenty-five or thirty of the butchers, routing them and managing their affairs for twenty-five years. He was with one concern

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in Macon for eighteen years. Buses have put them out of business.

When the Macon office closed down, his employers found Carter a job in their storeroom. When they closed their storeroom, he was sent to Columbus to run the office there. That closed down. He at once got a job with another news agency. This closed down two years later. Since then, except for three months in one summer when his old job opened up, he has had no work, though he tried everything. Things were looking up for the Carters when this tale was reported, for a man had met Carter on the street and had promised that when the weather broke, he would give him a job managing a small ice-plant for \$15 a week. Quoting Mrs. Carter: "The man says to Bill, 'Are you willing to consider this?' And Bill says, 'I'll take anything. Fifteen dollars is better than nothing.' I told him he was right, because sometimes you pick up the little things in life and it may lead to something wonderful."

Carter had previously earned \$50 a week. They had lived in a very respectable neighborhood on a good street. They now live in a rickety wooden house in the poorest section of the city. The house is stripped. Their one remnant of grandeur is a tall banquet lamp. The Carters' realest concern, however, is the way life has turned out for their children. They had intended to give each of their eight chil-

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dren a high school education, and then "let them work for further schooling!"

The oldest boy had to go to work on the railroad at the age of fifteen, but when the road started to reduce, they cut his time until he was only working a week or ten days a month. He was sent to his uncle in Texas, who was sure he could get him work in the oil fields, but so far he is idle.

Susie, aged fourteen, so anxious to finish high school "that she like to cried her eyes out when she had to quit," went to work in the Five and Ten at the beginning of the winter. She worked until Christmas, when she was laid off. After some searching, she procured a job with the telephone company. She was expected to work two weeks without pay. When Mrs. Carter was interviewed, she had already worked three weeks and had as yet received no wage. "We wouldn't have noticed so much," said Mrs. Carter, "except how we're fixed.

"Simmons is our next and he's thirteen and was in 7A. We had to take him out of school, too. He's workin' down at the drug store and he don't look as good as the rest because the hours is pretty long. Every other day he goes at eight in the morning and works until ten-thirty at night, and then the other days, he goes at eight-thirty in the morning and works till seven at night"—this constituting the short day! "When you don't have much yourself, you like

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to see the children get it, and we have planned all our lives to have our children have a high school education. Yes, you're right, perhaps we will be fixed so we can give it to the little ones, but you know how it is with a mother, she don't want none of them slighted."

I saw recently this cartoon. A man and woman were in their pantry surveying their newly installed mechanical refrigerator when the iceman came in. The woman hid her face in her hands and turned her back on the melancholy scene. "You tell him, darling," she was saying; "I can't."

This picture recurred to me when I read of the Morrows of Boston. Henry Morrow worked for the Boston Ice Company for twenty-eight years. In the winter for four months he cut ice, earning thereby \$12 a week. For the remaining eight months of the year he delivered ice, earning \$16 a week. Faithful service and a change of times increased his wages to \$25.

Incredible though it may sound, the Morrows, of whom in the course of time there have come to be nine, saved money. They bought Liberty Bonds. They respected themselves immensely, and well they might, for although they obtained their rather manorial ideal by the thriftiest industry, they did attain it. With enough room, so that they could put their

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children to bed away from the presumable din of hilarity and their phonograph, they entertained friends and strangers from the vicinity of their early home in Canada. Canadian girls in service in Boston brought their beaux here on Thursday night, proud of this background, for the house was clean and neat and things went by ritual of respectability. Even the baby's morning bath was set up with regard to the best tradition. Not noticeably different are the Morrows in social conception from the shepherd's family in Hardy's *Three Strangers*, defending their crow's nest against the elements.

But in 1924 the Boston Ice Company began to make its ice. Cutting ceased. Morrow was out of work from four to six months every winter, except for such substitute and casual labor as he could pick up. In the winter of 1928-1929 the company motorized the trucks, and he was out of a driving job.

Now (I tell this story in the present tense in which Mrs. Morrow told it in the prosperous days of March, 1929; the bitter winter to follow them had not yet arrived), Morrow has a temporary job driving a wagon for a box factory and Mrs. Morrow has become a cleaning-woman. Although their savings went in the first winter's lay-off, they have never yet run into debt. Rather than run up bills they do without.

They moved into smaller quarters and gave up hot water and a bath. One child sleeps on two chairs,

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three children sleep in one bed, two in another, and the baby in a clothes-basket. They buy no fuel; the father and his children pick it up. The two youngest children are sick most of the time, and the older children stay home from school to care for them.

At the time Mrs. Morrow told her story, she was cleaning five days a week from eight until twelve and was expecting to be confined in April for her eighth child.

Another substitution of the machine for men is elucidated for us by the history of Harry Sherman, now of Louisville, Kentucky. This was the beginning of his legend. Harry married Genevieve and the three daughters who blessed this union, aged fourteen, eleven, and nine, were called Ruby, Violet, and Jewel. Mr. Sherman was an ideal husband and father, spending all his leisure time with his wife and children.

His training for making a living was secured as an apprentice in a broom factory in a small town in Arkansas. The broom factory which employed him furnished him a comfortable cottage with sufficient ground around it to allow Mrs. Sherman to raise chickens and cultivate a garden. They had a Ford and in this they went on family parties with their neighbors and took snapshots of each other. He was an Eagle and his fellow lodge-members held him in high esteem, as did his employer, apparently, who

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let the Sherman children have the use of his pony.

But in 1921 factories backed with sufficient capital to make possible the installation of modern machinery lowered prices to the point where the small concern could no longer compete, and the factory employing Sherman was forced out of business. He tried at near-by broom factories, but they too were laying off men and putting machines in their places.

But Sherman was a man of initiative. If there was no work here, he would go elsewhere (this is perhaps a specific instance of what the economists mean when they talk of a mobile labor supply). Selling the furniture and leaving a large grocery bill behind him (a grocery bill for five months during which he sought work unsuccessfully in Arkansas), Sherman brought his family to Louisville in the Ford. Arrived in Kentucky, the Shermans commenced to visit Mrs. Sherman's people. The visit lengthened into months, Harry Sherman looking daily for a job. Let us not dwell on the thought. When the family had outstayed its welcome, with the balance of their savings they rented two furnished rooms in the congested lodging-house district of the city. The wife, Genevieve, secured work as a maid in a hotel. She went on duty at five in the evening and served until one o'clock in the morning. Sherman still had not found his job. No more of the Shermans now except to say that when the Eagle Lodge finally sent them

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\$20 of relief, a letter came also saying not to return to Arkansas, for times were worse. Now the children roam the streets. The oldest is delinquent. Inertia has settled in on Sherman, and his wife has broken under double work. They quarrel constantly. They talk of parting and of putting their children in a Home.

Some interesting statistics showing the scale of mechanization were presented by Beulah Amidon in the unemployment issue of the *Survey Graphic* for April, 1929:

In 1927, the R. F. Textile Mills employed 5000 workers and produced 137,000 yards of woollens of a certain width, texture, and quality. In 1928, by improved mechanization a labor force of 3000 produced the same yardage of the same width, texture, and quality.

About five years ago, a large sugar refinery on the eastern seaboard erected a new plant to produce 2,000,000 pounds of refined sugar daily with a force of 500 men. Last year with 400 men by improved manufacturing methods they produced 3,500,000 pounds daily.

In the John Doe Machine Shops, one man with a gang of 7 semi-automatic machines replaced 25 skilled machinists. Thirty workers with 10 machines now do what 220 workers were required to do with the outmoded machines. Some of these men had

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spent all their working lives in the Doe shops. None of them was given more than a week's notice.

In the shops of one railroad, 4 men with oxyacetylene torches can do in from 3 to 7 hours what it formerly took 8 men 3 weeks to perform in making repairs to locomotives.

The Owens machine, which mechanized the ancient glass-blowing industry, is semi-automatic. More recently, it has been supplemented by a feed-and-flow machine, which makes several divisions of the glass industry practically automatic. It has been estimated that this machine does in one hour what it would take 41 workers to do by hand, and with it 3 operatives can accomplish what 10 could do with the semi-automatic equipment.

In eight years the Blank Rubber Company through the installation of new and improved labor-saving appliances has increased its output 78 per cent. and decreased its production force 30 per cent.

The switching yard of the XYZ railroad employed 305 men. Two-thirds of the force were skilled or semi-skilled, and about 100 of these were highly skilled men who had been with the XYZ for from two to nineteen years. The switching yard was electrified. As a result 151 men are able to do the work formerly done by 305. Also it was found that less skill and experience on the part of the switching-yard force was necessary under the new conditions. So 154

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men were laid off on a week's notice. The larger proportion of these were among the higher-paid group, most of whom had spent their working life acquiring the skill to hold the jobs from which they were displaced.

The Rialto Theatre in a large eastern city installed a Vitaphone, and overnight the 40 musicians in its orchestra were out of jobs. In the same city, another theatre notified its orchestra of 22 members that after a week their services would be no longer needed.

The foot-loose, then, are not the fancy-free. Work record avails a man nothing when a machine is his competitor. He can whistle for his job. No one will hear him over the roar of the dynamos. Indeed, the developments in mechanizing industry have been so dramatic in ousting men from their livelihoods that we are apt to overemphasize their proportionate importance among the factors contributing to total unemployment. Sumner Slichter, Professor of Economics at Cornell University, says, "Industries which have been characterized by the most revolutionary technical changes do not necessarily employ fewer workers. The petroleum-refining, automobile, pottery, cement, and cast-iron pipe industries have all experienced radical technical changes during the last seven or eight years, but in every instance there has

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been a substantial increase in their total employment since 1920."

But if these are the economic facts, what can they mean to you if you are a victim of the change? If, for instance, you are Joseph de Santis of Boston, a good printer. After steady work for the first five years of your married life, you are ousted by a machine and walk the streets for a year, picking up a few days of work a week at the most. De Santis says, "Machines are turning men out of printers' shops, and in non-union shops women are taken on, who will work for less money than men."

Or what can these economic facts mean to you if you are Jacob Bachman, also of Boston, only thirty-five years old? He was a maker of hand-made cigars, but a machine was invented which could do the work of 50 men. He walked the streets until a merciful snow-storm gave him work at shoveling snow for the city. Finally he obtained work in a laundry at \$16 a week. Now he must leave this, as he has developed tuberculosis.

Or if you are James Maurice of Rochester, New York, a man with two highly skilled trades, that of tailor and shoemaker, the loss of which, through machines and depression, has reduced you to cleaning the streets. Maurice ate his lunch with 19 fellow street-cleaners. In discussing their affairs, the fact

was uncovered that 15 of the 20 had been displaced from skilled trades.

Or if you are O'Brien, second violinist at Blank's in New York. When the talking pictures came into style, the orchestra was reduced from 110 men to 42, and O'Brien lost his job. He went from one movie house to another looking for work. His last steady job was thirteen months ago.

"If I had known that the bottom was to fall out of everything the way it has," he says, "we could have taken the little money we saved last year and gotten into some sort of business. But who would have dreamt that something could come about to ruin a whole profession and put hundreds of men out of work? I have followed up every lead and every clue possible, but there are hundreds of musicians out of work who are starving just as we are.

"A few months ago we were down so low that our last cent had been used up and there was absolutely nothing in sight for me. I tried insurance, but I had not been trained in the business world and could not make a success of it. Then I tried to get work driving a taxi, or doing anything at all; but you cannot even get a job as a street-cleaner these days. When we had finally reached the end of our rope my wife took a job as a chambermaid and makes about \$35 a month. It is enough to keep us from starving anyway, and I am trying to keep the house going while she

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is away. I have many leads out for work, but if I do not get something to do soon I do not know what will happen. My wife has been wonderful throughout this, but I cannot bear to see her leaving the house at a quarter to seven each morning and come back late at night, while I stay here with nothing to do but clean the house, cook, and think."

The man out of a job does not see the ultimate effect of technological progress, if for that matter does the economist or the engineer. He only knows that a machine is taking his place.

The arithmetical proportions of the disaster are of remote interest to the victim. If the rate of automobile mortality drops from 100 to one in 100, that is indeed a social good. But it is Job's comfort to the family of the one man who is killed.

IV

In times of national prosperity, there may be a depression occurring only within a given industry, which shares characteristics with both seasonal and cyclical depressions. Many business vicissitudes can be grouped here, all of them, as our study shows, wreaking disaster on the wage-earner involved. The decentralization of industry is one, the moving of a manufacturing headquarters from one section of the country to another for market reasons. The probable transfer of paper manufacturing headquarters from the Northeast to the South is an instance. Pulpwood forests of the northern States reach depletion. Freight on pulp woods from Canada is high. Paper chemists have learned how to make paper from fast-growing southern softwoods. Ergo, an eventual movement of factories toward raw materials.

Business failure due to concentration within an industry also throws men out of work. The more efficient management available to large capital winnows out the small establishment. Chain grocery stores push out the small dealer, the pushcart, the peddler, the man with a stand. It is frequently said that these men or their equivalent are absorbed into the bigger unit. Often, yes; but not always.

Style is powerful in depressing certain industries

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and encouraging others. Clever stylists diverted women from silk to cotton to the applauding roar of long-idle machinery. This is but one example out of scores known to any one mildly interested in advertising methods to show how the fickle caress of the shopper's hand can send an industry sick to bed, sign its death warrant, or give it the bounding step of youth, to the vital concern of the most casual laborer in the warehouse.

But in addition to style changes, other shifts in the textile industries have been extensive and various. Headquarters have been decentralized, and new machinery has shaken up the ancient and desirable trade of weaving and all of its subsidiary crafts.

Max Schwartz, a loom-fixer of Philadelphia, who advanced in his mill from \$18 to \$50 a week, suddenly, from a combination of causes, found himself jobless, or at best doing temporary night work at 60 cents an hour. The Schwartzes' well-furnished home was nearly free of debt. Their attractive small daughters were once slaved over, washed, and curled. Now they roam the street, rough and coarse, doing as they please, while their mother works in a factory. Her first job was in a shirt factory for \$11. But after several weeks she was able to secure a job at which, by working overtime, she was able to make as high as \$14 a week, standing all day long, testing bars of iron by striking them with a hammer. Now she is

making \$20 a week testing posts and welding automobile parts.

The Harkin "boys" of Philadelphia, aged thirty-six and forty, have resisted a series of these business changes which have extended over years. The two of them live together in a rickety four-room house which their old mother keeps for them. Bennie, the elder, is a hunchback, a friendly, cheerful little man. He started work in a glass works, where for seven years he "carried in" for \$15 a week. When this place closed down, it took him only a week to find a job in another glass works. But in six months this closed down, too. Bennie took himself out of town and found a job in a motor works. Here he tended the same drill press for ten years at \$18 a week. The last two years there were changes in machinery and work was slack, but Bennie was kept on. Finally the boss had to let Bennie go. Bennie says that the boss almost cried, and said, "I'd sooner see myself be laid off than you." "That," Bennie went on, "was last winter, and I was off six months. The boss sent for me last summer. I worked seven weeks, and then the factory slacked up again, and now it's been eight months since I ain't workin'."

Their sister, who, with much help from Bennie and Joseph, has supported six children of her own by scrubbing, thus supplemented Bennie's tale: "It wouldn't be so bad if they weren't such worrisome

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boys," she said, "but Joseph never shuts his mouth about getting a job. Bennie says he talks in his sleep about it. You see it's because they were such steady workers that they worry so. I never knew them to be discharged out of a place. It always closed down. Joseph was put in a home after our father died, and his last two years they put him out to work in a brush factory for \$3.50 a week. They saved his money for him and when he come out he had \$200 or \$300, so he made a place for my mother. Right away he got himself a job in a worsted mill at \$16.50 a week. He worked for twelve years at that same mill, taking care of the same machinery at the same money, till the last two years he got raised to \$18.75. He worked at that place till it closed down. It took him two months to get into another worsted mill, but he worked at this next one for four years, till that closed down last year. Then he was eighteen months out of work—I thought he'd go insane, always running the feet off him looking. He took his money out of the Building and Loan, and what with connivin' and not eating very much, it managed to last them over till he got work again. Of course he couldn't help me or Mamie's family; but when they had it, them two boys certainly always gave it to us. And with all that, when Joseph was working he never let a week go over his head without putting away \$2. Thank God he's working again now. He got this through studyin' the

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papers. We seen the ad about a mill out in the country wanting night work, and he run over there and got the job. I said the other day, 'Say, Joe, you'd oughta buy yourself a suit. You look awful.' He says, 'Oh, this'll do me a good spell yet, but I guess I'd better get Bennie one between this and Easter.' You see Bennie always did like to keep hisself neat and respectable and he's such a looking sight now. Yes, them boys never gave this neighborhood five minutes' trouble."

By its nature, the settlements' study included more artisans and unskilled laborers than professional or semi-professional workers. But among these latter Bentley, a college graduate living in New Orleans, is victim of an obvious phase of market changes. He is a chemist and pharmacist. Formerly he earned between \$175 and \$225 a month. Now the Bentleys' sole extravagance (paid for by friends) is a telephone retained in order that druggists may reach him for "relief work," from which he receives his only income, an occasional \$5 or \$6 a day. Chain stores; the change in merchandising function which has made an old-fashioned pharmacy into a very emporium, selling everything from pills to frying-pans; these, and the public's carefully inculcated new habit of buying packaged prescriptions, have greatly narrowed the field for the pharmacist, and cut down the reward

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which used to be offered for his special training. Although Bentley is fifty-five and his chance for work is decreased by his age, he serves to describe the plight, becoming more serious, of the white-collar man.

V

The dramatic winter through which we have lately passed, full of demonstrations, marches by the unemployed, prosperity speeches by commercial cheerleaders, and the tales of bread-lines and suicides which are their marginal illumination, ultimately put general unemployment on the front pages of even the most reluctant newspapers. During general depression consumers stop buying, stores stop selling, and factories stop making. And since people buy only when they have wages to buy with, the order is reversed, and the vicious circle wheels round. The phenomenon of general unemployment is enough longer and enough larger and blacker in appearance than the lesser kinds which compose it that one is apt to forget that it is a composite and prolongation of them all. The unemployment of many of the people whom we are reading about goes back over a period of years, changing slowly but surely from seasonal unemployment to chronic unemployment. It has been interesting to note in how many of these stories reference is made to the "general depression of the last two years," a period antedating the Wall Street crash, and from the market's point of view almost an Augustan age. The worker who has in years previous managed by excellent thrift and fore-

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sight to make his seasonal wages almost bridge the gulf of the off-season has seen that gulf widen yawningly before his feet, and the seasonal slackness of nine or ten weeks stretch into nine or ten months. The experience of Charles Dohaney of Boston is pointed to this. He is twenty-seven. His wife Dorothy is twenty-four. They have had two children, John, who is four, and Sister, who died when she was two. When Dohaney was first married he had been working for two years for the telephone company as a stock-man. His third year an efficiency expert reorganized the labor force, and Charles was laid off just before John, the first baby, was born. He was out about two weeks and found work with a public service corporation in the maintenance department. This company, according to Dohaney, apportions a certain sum for maintenance. When this money is almost used up a number of men are discharged and are not recalled until the budget is made up again. Sometimes the men wait from February to May to be recalled.

Dohaney, always one of the last to be laid off, had until the winter of 1928-29 been able to find other work. For although he had left school when he was fourteen to help support a large family, he had attended night school up to the second year of high. He had also attended telephone night school and taken every other opportunity to improve him-

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self after working hours, a heroism too few will understand. He had become a carpenter by trade too, and a union man, so that he had been able to fill his off-seasons by jobs in the building trades, at which he could make from \$30 to \$40 a week if he worked overtime. But what he was able to save vanished in the illness of his wife. In 1929, just as he lost his job, the baby died, and a year later he still owed the bill for the funeral. And the only work this resourceful young and skilled worker could find to do in that winter was two or three hours a day of dishwashing, at which he averaged about \$4 a week.

A single episode of their early romance discloses how quickly this economic phenomenon of unemployment may depose the proud American worker, when in a short six years it could undo a man so resolute to be the protector as was young Dohaney. His bride Dorothy had an artificial right hand. Young, in love, full of justifiable confidence in his developing powers, he had bought for her left hand an expensive wedding ring, as if he would, in this manner, draw her own attention away from the blemishing fact of her right.

In order to meet the rent, insurance, union dues, and installments on the furniture, she pawned this for \$100. When she had only \$13 of this left, the

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Dohaney accepted relief. Dohaney, nervous and irritable, threatened to go away. He said his family would be just as well taken care of without him. But when the society offered to buy Dorothy a new artificial hand he wept, because, he said, he hated to have any one else do the thing he wanted so badly to do himself.

When some of the stronger of our moral leaders have reminded us that after all a man can get work if he really tries, I have wished they might know Mr. Zarone of New Jersey and still feel that fine intoxicant iron in their blood. Zarone's employment history is like the picture of the horse illustrating twenty-seven diseases in the old dictionaries.

It is hard to see where Mr. Zarone made his first moral mistake. He stayed by the land: two and a half acres and house on lease. He raised berries for market and food for his family. He had five children, four of them sons—an economic miracle. First he learned a shoe trade, only to have his factory go out of business. He became an expert cut-glass worker, and style changed in wedding presents. The five cut-glass factories in his vicinity closed down. He took up the garment trade eighteen years ago and has followed it through its seasonal aberrations ever since. Depression seized it, and for the last three years he has had next to no work at this. Now,

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still fairly young and strong, he is jobless, tradeless, in debt, and dependent on the earnings of his daughter, the only one of his children who has a steady job.

Meantime, it will have to be admitted, Zarone had done well by his children. His persistent versatility in the skilled trades having brought him no security, he educated his sons to an economic status above him—business, professions, and the arts. Joseph, the oldest, became a violin teacher. The next two were given respectively two years in accounting and one in pharmacy at the University of Pennsylvania. The youngest son and the only daughter had gone no farther than four years of high school when chronic unemployment set in upon the Zarones.

The father and the younger sons have been jobless for the best part of three or four years. The entire family burden devolved on the violinist, Joseph. Commuting is expensive for job-seekers. Moreover, one must be early in line to get a job. Joseph moved his father's family into town. The result was debt and then a physical collapse for Joseph, necessitating a year in a convalescent home. So the Zarones moved back to the land again. The youngest son, twenty-one, who has been out for most of the year, is temporarily driving a truck and looking for a better job. He is the only Zarone male who is earn-

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ing. Joseph can soon teach again. Zarone Senior, farmer, shoemaker, glass-cutter, and garment-maker, and his two middle sons with college training, still go out daily looking for work and are told to come back next week.

PART THREE

HUNTING THE JOB

PART THREE

HUNTING THE JOB

I

THE criticism leveled at the idle because "they do not try" arises from ignorance of what the idle are up against. Bread-lines at the missions, overcrowded police-stations and city barges where the homeless are allowed to sleep, have strengthened in the critic the conviction that man was born into such a distaste for working that he prefers anything, even this, to a job. But the lines of men standing all night in the frozen fields outside the automobile factories, the treadmill herds that mill in front of the employment offices, postured in the slumped curves of discouragement, shuffling their feet before the chalked boards where occasionally appear the miraculous words *Help Wanted*—these should enable the accuser to withdraw his accusation.

But less visible aspects of the ordeal of job-hunting can be obtained from conversation with the job-hunter. One day last May I drove from the Pennsylvania terminal in New York to Madison Avenue in a taxicab. Our progress was constantly halted by one building operation or another. I commented on the snail-like pace of New York.

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"Strange," said the driver, "that with all their endless hustle and bustle they don't get anywhere. They are always building something, but they seem to be able to do nothing about the unemployment situation."

I was surprised, I must admit, to hear this familiar phrase on the lips of a taxi driver. But between bursts of traffic he told me his own story. He had been an insurance salesman making between \$60 and \$100 a week. His baby had contracted spinal meningitis and his worry had been so extreme that he had neglected his territory, a colored one, which had the habit of letting policies lapse unless some one were on hand to do the prodding. "My baby is well, thank God," he said, searching around the car for some wood to knock on, "but if I told you how I've looked for a job in this town you'd never believe me. Some men go out in the morning at six, apply for jobs until ten or eleven, and then pay 15 or 20 cents to go into a cheap movie for a place to keep warm and call it a day. Not me. I can truthfully say I have applied for as many as fifty or sixty jobs in succession. I sometimes make as low as 85 cents a day at this. But the only kind of job you can get in this town is selling on commission, and you can't make a cent at that. What I want and what every man wants is any old kind of work in the world that will give some kind of pay at the end of every week. I tell you that if I

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were to draw up at this curb"—we were then at the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-second—"and hail any one of the next hundred taxi drivers going by, and say, 'Hey, John, come on over. I've got a steady job for you at \$25 a week,' he'd ask me no questions, but leave his car standing in the street."

The longing for security here involved becomes sufficient to offset ambition. As additional witness to the cases is this letter from a social student who has for the last three years served on the Fire and Police Commission of Madison, Wisconsin.

Because it holds the university and the capital and therefore has a large number of State-salaried employees whose incomes do not fluctuate or stop in times of depression, as well as a very large student body whose expenditure remains reasonably constant, Madison weathered the national depression of 1921-22 better, registered much less variation, than the purely industrial cities of Wisconsin. Yet read this paragraph:

"Since I have been on the Fire and Police Commission, we have conducted several examinations for police and firemen. We wait until we have some half dozen places to fill—never more—and then hold an examination. We have constantly had around 100 for each examination wanting the job. Now you have to be between twenty-one and forty. You have to pass a rather rigid physical test, almost equal to that of

the army; you have to be your very fittest physically and in the prime of life; and you have almost no chance of ever getting over \$155 a month, and you start at \$135. In every case, I have asked in the interview, do you want such a poorly-paid job with no future? Always the same answer comes back. 'Certainly. I'd rather have \$1800 a year to count on for life than two or three times that amount and uncertainty.' We always have a score of men who are holding higher-priced and better jobs, men from the street railway, from R. R., from gas and electric light plants, etc. All say they want security. They can't stand the lay-offs and unemployment and never knowing how long it will last, for rent and food have to be paid for monthly, work or not."

Hunting the job has become the most merciless work of contemporary life. "Come back next week" is the answer everywhere. Last winter certain employers were known to ask their own men, who had been laid off on account of slack work, to return every day, in order to keep the reserve of labor within reach in case of need. An instance of this in normal times was described in *Middletown*.¹ The president of the Middletown Advertising Club received from his constituency two special delivery letters asking for the

¹ Pages 58-59, *Middletown, a Study in Contemporary Culture*, by Robert J. and Helen Merrell Lynd. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, 1929.

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suppression of local advertisements which called for laborers in a neighboring city, that Middletown might maintain its easy labor market.

But this heartless and short-sighted motive is not often behind those words, "Come back next week." Usually they are but the tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb. In good times as well as in bad times the employment manager is simply unable to face the discouraged questioner with a clear-cut "No." Better to soften the bitter tidings with a little hope. So the men trudge. Carfares give out. They walk miles. Shoes give out. Wives cut new inner soles of pasteboard. Food gives out. They start out without breakfast. Hope gives out, but like sheer automatons they keep on, up one street, down another, to old places, to new places, looking for little and getting nothing.

Mrs. Raymond of Philadelphia, whose family, as we have learned, was living on the \$7 young Joe Raymond could make as an errand boy, said of her husband, John Raymond: "He's always walking or looking. The places are so far apart that his feet get sore. He had to put cotton in the heels of his shoes, and the brace back on his knee. He's been everywhere, the day shifts and the night shifts. Sometimes he don't know where he is walking. He's been back to some people so often that they hold up their hands when they see him coming."

Ernest Handel gives an excellent picture of the

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job hunt as well as of the seasonal employment which, once his search has been rewarded, recurrently ejects a man on the street to resume the hunt. His occasional success is so short-lived as to be no success at all.

Of German-American descent, Handel was born and raised in Pittsburgh. You can use here no other word than "raised" to describe the nice mixture of accident and calculation which gives shape to lower middle-class American life. He attended German Catholic school until he was fifteen, and then went to work. For a year or so he did odd jobs—learned about carpentry from his father, who was a carpenter, and worked as a helper in a fish-store. Then he went to Akron to stay with a married sister, was apprenticed as a machinist, and later was transferred to the shops of the Goodrich Rubber Company, where he became a calenderer. Here he made good money, and the Handels, for he was now married, tucked away from \$35 to \$50 a month in a thrifty Pennsylvania manner. They lived, according to the breadwinner, "in a swell four-room apartment for \$20 a month, the likes of which would cost \$50 or \$60 in Pittsburgh." One feels almost lyrical at the catalogue of the Handels' blessings. Heat, gas, electricity, hot and cold water and a bathroom, and a view of the lake and its wooded banks but a block away. Walks by the lake, swimming, rides in the car of a friend, stops,

no doubt, at occasional hot dog stands, trips to amusement parks, and long evenings at the movie palaces.

During a long lay-off his family circumstances forced Handel to move back to Pittsburgh. With the return to Pittsburgh, there began a period of irregular employment or complete lack of it, which lasted eighteen months. He had known ahead of time that his regular trade would yield him nothing, for there are no rubber plants in Pittsburgh. But despite the fact that he was dependable and intelligent, with an excellent and long work record behind him, he could find no employment lasting more than two weeks at a time. He tried everything. Everywhere his experience was the same. He would be hired, say, by the Standard Floor Company and employed steadily for several days. Then would come a day when work was slow. After a few hours the foreman would say, "Well, boys, I guess that's all for today. If we need you tomorrow we'll let you know." Days of waiting would follow, and then renewed search for a job. Plenty of places wanted short-time rush-workers selling Christmas trees for ten days, driving ice-wagons in warm weather only, helping in bakeries at the week-end or over holiday seasons, or getting out the big orders in factories at certain times in the year. But in all of these eighteen months no steady, regular, full-time work did he find. His irregular pay seldom amounted in a month to the wages of a week

at the rubber plant. Often for a whole month there was no income at all.

But Mr. Handel on this subject is explicit. After recounting the personal details which brought them back to Pittsburgh, he says:

"I figgered with a thirteen-year work record behind me there'd be no trouble in *me* gettin' a job in a big city like Pittsburgh. Of course, sometimes I'd get work—good work I thought would last, like that time the Standard Floor Company hired me. Me and a lot of others got took on at the same time. But would you believe it? In two weeks we was all laid off again, not for anything we done, but because *they* run out of work. And that's the way it is in this town and the way I had it for a year and a half. And there was hundreds of men just like me—dying to work—willing to do anything—took on as though for a permanent job and then laid off without any warning or any pay. Sometimes it would be for a day or two—like when a cool spell would come and the ice company I was working in turned off forty men till it got hot again. If you had a job like that you didn't dare give it up to look for another, for you might find it even worse.

"Of course, even them jobs was better than nothing. To my dying day I'll never forget the weeks when I couldn't find no work—not even for a day. I remember one night when I'd been out of work a

whole month and the rent was four months due, one of my friends told me he heard they was hiring men over to Spang-Chalfants—six miles away. I didn't even have the price of a car-check and I'd borrowed all I had the nerve to—and more—from my relatives. So I got up the next morning before five o'clock and walked all the way over there across the river without any breakfast—only to be told at the mill that they hadn't taken on a man in three months. I pretty near jumped off the bridge on my way home that day. If it hadn't been for the wife and kid, I guess I would have.

“How did we live all that time? Like pigs—only with not so much to eat. Do you know that little lane in the Hollow under the Meadow Street Bridge? Perhaps you never got down that far. You can't drive a car down there for the mud, and you're apt to lose your rubbers in half a dozen places. Well, up that lane in back of Monte's house, there is a shack, not much better than a shed, with two rooms, nothing else, no heat, no electricity, and *no water*. For four months we lived there—if you can call it living. An oil lamp and an oil stove was all we had for light and heat. We used an outside privy toilet and got all our water from a sink in our neighbor's cellar. But it only cost \$8 a month. We tried to forget we'd ever known the comforts of civilization. Later we moved into a \$20 house and had four rooms and one faucet, but no

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cellar. We was there through the winter and spring. It was there Paul got pneumonia; I suppose because we couldn't give him milk and the right food. He got a bad cough, and one specially wet bad spell it went right into pneumonia. I pretty near went crazy to see him lying there so still and hot and me with no money to get a doctor."

It was then Handel heard of the Public Health nurses and through them procured his present job as settlement janitor at \$100 a month. He becomes judicial at the thought of getting out once more to try to better himself by the higher pay which his experience has taught him he is capable of earning. They still live in the Hollow, the worst mudhole in Pittsburgh. When he has cleared away his debts, which he has preferred to owe to kinsmen rather than to tradesmen, they are going to move to higher ground. "If I stick to this job," says Handel, "we'll get along, but we'll never advance after a certain point. But how can I face another time like them eighteen months with nothing to tie to, and debt and starvation always just around the corner?"

The ordeal through which Mr. Doney of New York put himself, in vain, also conveys some slight sense of the effort and weariness involved when even great intelligence is employed in job hunting. Doney is a skilled polisher of fine furniture. In the nineteen years preceding October, 1927, he had held but three

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jobs. For eight years he was with one piano company, for five with another, and for the last six with the Aeolian Company. At the time of his last lay-off, he was getting \$45 a week, and since Carlo and Fanny, his two oldest children, were contributing \$18 and \$14 respectively to the family exchequer, the Doney family were enabled to hold up their heads with a certain dignity and live in a \$55 apartment on 116th Street. The children were attractive, well dressed, and happy, and the home an harmonious one.

But the same causes which reduced Musset, the Chicago piano teacher, a graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, to penury, that is, the public's wholesale addiction to the radio and the phonograph and the giving up of piano instruction as too slow and expensive, created such a depression in the piano business that Doney was out of a job. To be sure, three more causes, all interestingly relevant to each other, were contributory. Mechanization in furniture-making replaced, to a large extent, skilled work. Machine-made furniture consequently became so cheap that few wanted to mend or repolish their broken pieces. The third cause for Doney was, of course, the general depression which, besides affecting the piano business, created unemployment in other fields and prevented him from entering them.

The settlement reporting Mr. Doney's efforts to place himself once more in industry says: "Since the

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beginning of 1928 he has worked only for a few weeks at his own trade. For these months he has been trying very hard to get into a piano factory. We gave him a list of every firm in the city and more than thirty letters of introduction. Morning after morning he started out, to come home in the evening, tired and disappointed. After he had at last found a temporary position, he never came in again to us. He felt ashamed. He did all kinds of work; for instance, painting and fixing woodwork and furniture for his landlord. But it was always only a few days' work between long weeks of unemployment, and this work he received through friends."

The multiplication of useless and unrewarded effort involved in answering newspaper advertisements deserves fuller description than I can give. Price for insertion in the Sunday edition, the one most apt to be fruitful of results, is prohibitive indeed for a man who has already been reduced to walking for lack of carfare. Reynolds, whose application for a job was put by mistake into the Help Wanted column, received forty-five applications for work. Frank Leighton, who lost his job as a boiler firer in a Texas factory because of business depression, piled his whole family in an old Ford and came north to Kentucky, and, after having lost a tenacious hold on each of several uncertain jobs, answered an advertisement for a farm hand. The advertiser told

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him that he had received 200 applications for that job in two days.

But in addition to the expense and disappointment of seeking a job through the papers, there is this undeniable fact to consider, that the applicant who can give a telephone number has a distinct advantage over one who cannot. The man who needs a worker will not bother to write a letter if he can use a telephone. For this reason, domestic day-workers, and laundresses, without telephones of their own, give prospective employers for whom they have already done occasional work the telephone number of the nearest employment agency, although for every call that is made through this agency a percentage of the wage must be forfeited.

The private employment agency in itself, although frequently helpful and honest, has been caught in many a dereliction. Notorious instances have been exposed of agencies which acted in collusion with employment managers. An extreme case was that of a small employer who was a stockholder or director of the agency. For every man he laid off, a new one could be sent up from the agency and a toll laid upon this victim, irrespective of the length of time he was allowed to remain in his new job. Experiences with crooked agencies have led more than one worker to feel that the employer and the world generally is out to do him in.

II

But first and last, job hunting reduces itself to a foot-race, an endurance contest. Though some contestants are no longer eligible, they still run. The old, for instance. And what in common thought and parlance we mean by "old" has nothing to do with the age at which the worker is today superannuated.

Mr. Keown, the ex-sheet-metal worker, present vendor of needles and pins, told me that five years ago he had just been given a job, when, as an afterthought, the boss said, "And now, just as a matter of form, how old are you?"

"'Forty-six,' sez I! The man just shoved the papers away from him. 'Sorry,' sez he, 'you suit me fine. You could do the work. But the rule sez, nobody over forty-five.' I'd 'a' lied like a streak if I'd known," said Mr. Keown frankly.

"But thirty-five is getting old now," said my later acquaintance, the taxi-driver who was once insurance salesman, in speaking of the contemporary age-limit. "After that they aren't interested in you."

I have heard others agree with him. Although science has been able to prolong our youth, the age of superannuation has come steadily down until now it is coming to be true that the man over thirty-five is ripe to be ruled out. This puts the statistician Blanton,

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fifty-five, of Savannah, Georgia, beyond consideration. Well descended, well educated, with a young wife and a young child, he is reduced to living in a basement and eating the food of charity, although he is still competent, conscientious, and in good health. But if men in their thirties are too old for jobs, how have we energy to deplore the plight of a man in his fifties?

Mr. Keown called on me again this week. I hardly recognized him, the winter had so ravaged him. He sat on the edge of a sofa and talked briefly: "I tell you, lady, they're all licked," he said. "Not only old men like me. Young men, eighteen to twenty-five. Through. Done for! Licked! At the very start."

Yet even the age factor seems unimportant when we hear the itinerary of Jerry Brown from his own lips. Jerry, who was eighteen in 1928, is an orphan, adopted by a good-hearted Philadelphian neighbor. Though his fate was the reverse of his prototype, David Copperfield's, they are curiously similar. David's flight out of London, away from those who want his labor, conveys a sense of bondage identical with Jerry's daily journey in search of some one who will need him.

Asked where he looked for work, Jerry answered: "All over. I have a regular route. I start out every morning at six o'clock. First I go over to Jersey to the soup factory, a furniture factory, and a printing

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place. Every place the same: 'We're slack. We don't need nobody.' Then I cross the river again and go up Delaware Avenue as far as Girard, and stop at all the factories and printing places. Then I try the fruit and produce places along the dock. Next I go up Race Street as far as Ninth Street and down Arch Street on both sides to Sixth. On my way back I stop at the Curtis Publishing Company. Then it is twelve o'clock and I come home. Everywhere there are lots of men asking for jobs. Sometimes they take my name, but most times they just say, 'We don't need any one.' The other day I answered an ad. When I got there, there were forty applying. The man looked us over, picked out one, and said, 'I'll take you and pay you \$15 a week.' Another fellow in the crowd called out, 'I'll work for \$10.' Then the man said, 'All right, I'll take you for \$10,' and didn't hire the other fellow.

"I don't know what I'm going to do now. My god-father"—so Jerry calls the man who took him in—"was drunk last night and said a lot of things about having to keep me for nothing and didn't believe I looked for a job. So I went out of the house and walked the streets all night. I'm not going back. I'm not going anywhere till I can pay my board. I wish I could have gone to high school. Maybe then I could of found work, but I didn't have the chance. I had to stop in 7B. I wish't I was dead."

HUNTING THE JOB

At the request of Senator Couzens, then chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Education, the Institute of Economics of Brookings Institution made a study of industrial unemployment. One section of their investigation was a survey of 754 workers "let out" during the twelve months preceding September, 1928. To an article by Isidore Lubin in the *Survey Graphic* of April, 1929, I am indebted for the following statement of their findings.

First it is to be understood, as it is to be understood of the settlement case histories, no person included in the survey was unemployed for causes over which he had control. A careful check of employers' records enabled the investigators to eliminate all voluntary quits and discharges for inefficiency or insubordination. The earnings of the group ranged from \$12 to \$60 a week. More than twenty industries were represented. Riveters, wire-rollers, grinders, pipe-fitters, weavers, spinners, belt-makers, punch-press operators, cement-mixers, musicians, cabinet-makers, general workers in yards, gate-tenders, general utility men, and one draftsman were on the occupational lists. They were of all ages. Of the 754 only 77 were over forty-five.

Twenty-nine of them had been out of regular work for more than a year, 63 for over eight months. One-third had been idle for more than three months. Of the 410 persons who had found permanent work

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by the first of September, 9 had secured their jobs only after eleven months of searching. Only 47 had been out of work for less than a month between jobs. All of them had gone through the same mill of answering want ads, making personal inquiries, and calling at employment agencies.

As you read of the industrial adjustments of these dispossessed workers, consider this other fact which Mr. Lubin brings out: "During the past seven years, the changing of standards of American life have brought into our service industries over 1,100,000 additional workers who feed us in restaurants, make our beds, or bow obsequiously to us in hotels, cut our hair, manicure our nails, wash our clothes in laundries, and clean and press our suits and dresses."

But if these are the statistics, here is actually what happened to some of the men studied: "Less than 10 per cent. got their old jobs back after discharge. Most of the others were forced to take employment which had little or no relation to the type of work for which the individual concerned had been trained. Former cement-workers, wire-rollers, and operators of grinding machinery were found as counter men in lunchrooms. A boiler worker and a trained cutter with 34 years of experience in a clothing factory had become gasoline station attendants. One of these men had been earning \$35 at his old job, but after eleven months of idleness he took the filling-station job at

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\$20. Other cutters had become watchmen in warehouses, time-keepers in steel plants, and clerks in meat markets. One licensed stationary engineer ultimately found a job as care-taker in a public park; an operator of a welding-machine, after three months of unemployment, became a farm hand; and an experienced spinner took on the job of radio repair man. A skilled woodworker, employed for many years in a piano factory, was mixing salves for a drug manufacturer at \$20 a week. Seven of the men were frank to admit that after months of enforced loafing they had taken up bootlegging. . . . Eighteen per cent. of the workers, when interviewed, were earning more at the newly acquired work than when last steadily employed. But 48 per cent. received lower wages on the new jobs than on the old, in a few cases earnings being reduced as much as 50 per cent. In a majority, however, they ranged from 60 to 90 per cent. of the previous earnings."

III

This experience is reiterated in case after case of the settlement study: broken work, steady demotion to different work levels until the plane of casual labor is reached. It is common to regard the unskilled laborer statistically. He is not a person. He is a unit of production. And what makes us endlessly interesting to ourselves is not that we are units of production. Daly in the Boston coal-shed, shovel in his hand, has low social visibility. Tastante of Louisville, with or without his pick, casts no figure on the retina. Even if we eye them with another social glass and scan them for their buying power, we must turn away. What is their buying power? Yet if we see them in their homes, making the struggle which differentiates us from the earthworm, can we still regard them without empathy?

Daly was the only bread-winner, working for a contractor as an unskilled laborer. He first worked in the coal-shed of the Boston and Albany R. R. until the strike in 1922. He worked for the gas company a short time, then in the Clifton Rubber Mills as a helper on a truck for four years, earning \$24 a week. He was laid off and a young man employed in his stead for \$16. Then followed a period of irregular employment at laying rails for the Elevated Rail-

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way, and Mrs. Daly took on night work, cleaning offices, to help out. He then had work with a contractor at digging. Cold weather and frost put him out of a job. The most he was ever able to earn even with overtime and Sunday work was \$30 a week. In three months his earnings were \$15 for shoveling snow around the parish buildings and the church.

While Mrs. Daly was doing night work during one of his periods of unemployment, she struck her head on an office desk and afterward developed a cancerous growth. She suffered terribly, and finally one of the hospitals performed an operation and removed one eye, to arrest the growth for the time being. She was much weakened by the operation and lacked proper or even enough food; none of the family has enough to eat. She went to the hospital for frequent treatment, which she found almost too painful to endure. Although her treatments were free, she had to remain several days and pay something for her bed. She knew that her end was at hand and began to speak of the short time left for her to look after her children. Daly would have done anything in Christendom that he could find to do. As it was he did all the housework, the scrubbing and the washing, although he refused to hang out the clothes. He kept the children and the house scrupulously clean. But Daly at his domestic virtues

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puts one in mind of Samuel Johnson's remark to Strahan: "There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." "The more one thinks of that," said Strahan, "the juster it will appear."

PART FOUR

MAKESHIFTS

PART FOUR

MAKESHIFTS

I

THE game of makeshifts is very much like chess. The better the defensive, the slower the game.

The chronology of moves may differ from tale to tale, but all of the moves are there. The family seeks smaller quarters. The mother goes to work. She works in a mill. She goes out to do domestic service by the day. She scrubs offices at night. She comes home and washes, cooks, and sews for her children. She takes in boarders. Small articles go to the pawnshop. The furniture is taken away in a van. The insurance is forfeited. The house is lost. If the children are old enough, they are taken out of school and put to work. If not, they stay out of school for lack of clothes, and wearing cotton dresses with no underwear. They play on draughty floors of unheated rooms. At dark the whole family goes to bed for lack of any sort of lamplight. They go without milk. They go without meat. Finally they go without food.

Which reduction they make first depends on the climate, on their social standard, and on their financial history. Ordinarily they make first the sacrifice

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of personal possessions in preference to imperiling the security for coming years embodied in life insurance and real estate. Cash savings dissolve. Wedding rings and watches go. The parlor set returns to the store, which is demanding payments. If their housing standard has been carefully arrived at, the family spars for time, willing to make first every other concession to society rather than to lose the painfully established place among their fellows which is indicated by their residence.

For example, Mrs. Utrecht, a Dalmatian widow of New York, had perforce lived her first American years in a tenement. She hated everything about tenement life, the ignorance of her neighbors, the noise, the lack of privacy, the smells, the dirt and confusion. Moreover, she had a daughter approaching marriageable age, and she determined that the girl should marry outside the district, should be seen by prospective suitors against a better backdrop. By careful saving she was able in 1926 to move into more commodious quarters in Brooklyn, a five-room flat, with dining-room, living-room, two bedrooms, and bath, in a fairly good section where there was light and air. This she furnished in a manner which she considered to be attractive. Part-time employment (she was a machine hemstitcher) reduced her wages from \$25 to \$10 a week, so that when style-changes and slack season finally produced weeks in

which she had no work at all, their savings were gone and bill collectors were already coming to the door. The daughter now was engaged to be married, and Mrs. Utrecht, according to the custom of her country, where her own parents and her husband's parents both had been comfortably situated, was saving for the girl's trousseau and for the furnishing of the bridal home. Therefore the marriage was delayed. Finally Mrs. Utrecht was served with a "dispossess." Her age (she was now forty-six) told against her when she applied at new factories. She was unable to find lodgers. She found it necessary to apply to a charitable society, but they felt it impossible to aid her until she should move to less expensive quarters. About this matter she was stubborn. It involved, of course, her entire progress in society.

This loss of a home for a mere shelter is spiritually one of the most difficult of losses sustained by the unemployed family. If you cannot eat today, this deprivation, though the most drastic of all, does not become retroactive; you ate yesterday. If, however, with great difficulty you save enough to make a down payment on a house, a purchase decided upon after days of indecision and nights of family conclave; if you assume a mortgage whose obligations you punctiliously meet as the first draft upon the monthly purse; if, having done this over a period of years,

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you then lose the property to the sheriff, the loss is not today's but that of every plan and penny put into it since the idea was first boldly conceived.

To dwell at this point upon the dynamic energy which lies in the pride of possession is superfluous. It is of course behind the most anti-social enterprises as well as behind many of the smaller so-called domestic virtues. But the truth remains: if a man's eye has once glittered with desire for a house in a long row of factory dwellings, a thin, papery structure with a confectioned façade designed to deceive the world into believing it owns a slope to its roof, a plaster affair with a strawberry box of clapboard tacked on at the rear for a bathroom, if he has bought this contraption, he has felt once more, as surely as did his peasant ancestors, his umbilical tie to the earth. Security is his. Cut the cord by the humiliating processes of the sheriff, and you deliver him again to the winds.

The surprise, however, to the reader of these cases, is not that the contemporary wage-earning family loses a house, but that it ventured to buy one in the first place.

The DeMacios show the laboriousness of the householding struggle. Before his marriage, DeMacio, of Assyrian descent, was employed as assistant to a pipe cutter in a Pittsburgh mill and earned \$40 a week. His wife, a high school graduate, had

been working for the city for \$18.50. Out of his savings they bought, on a side street, a home with six rooms and a bath for the sum of \$6000. He paid \$3000 of this in cash from his savings and carried the remainder on first and second mortgages. His wife gave up her job and devoted her entire time to her home. The pair occupied the first three rooms, which they furnished comfortably, and rented out the three on the second floor for \$25 a month. With this rent and DeMacio's earnings they maintained themselves comfortably. For recreation they frequented concerts and good plays; the girl had been known to the settlement for fourteen years and her artistic leanings had been encouraged there. About eighteen months after their marriage DeMacio lost his job, which he had held for five years. Modern machinery had been installed, and three men only were now required to do the work previously done by ten.

Except for an occasional day's work he was out of a job for six months. The rent income helped out, and they were able to meet their living expenses, save heat and light, but not the expenses of their property nor those of insurance. At the end of this period DeMacio secured two months of day-laboring at \$4 a day, being laid off occasionally for bad weather, and with this money they met part of their accumulated bills. A child was born. DeMacio lost

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his job again. As soon as the baby was old enough to be accepted at a day nursery, Mrs. DeMacio took up canvassing. Her husband secured work for a few days at a time. He was willing to do anything at any wage.

They finally tried that popular pitfall, the grocery business. In order to secure money for the initial outlay, they borrowed all they could on their life insurance policies. She pawned her diamond engagement ring and sold the furniture from their quondam living-room, for they had set up their shop in the front of the house.

Taxes and interest were again in arrears. Mrs. DeMacio's health began to go. She contracted pneumonia and had to go to the hospital. A few months later a second child was born. To meet expenses of this birth and taxes and interest on the house, the mortgage was raised to \$4500. Needless to say, the DeMacios lost the grocery store to their creditors. Inexperience, unavoidable neglect, and keen competition brought them down. One year later the entire property was foreclosed upon, and the family lost everything, including furniture.

This, however, is not the end. Alas, the wearisome persistence of the nautilus to build his chamber! About this time DeMacio secured what seemed to be a steady job at laboring. His family now moved into rented quarters in a cheap neighborhood, pay-

ing \$20 for two rooms. The necessary furniture was secured from an installment house, and for seven months the family was apparently slowly recovering from its financial crisis, if so chronic a state could be called critical, when DeMacio was laid off again. A few weeks later a third child was born.

The installment house seized the furniture, leaving nothing but mattresses, broken chairs, and a hot-plate. A distant relative lent \$75 for their rehabilitation. DeMacio had a job again when this story was set down. All the children, including the new baby, were placed in a day nursery, and the mother had resumed canvassing. The husband was underweight from worry and insufficient food. He was continuing to make every effort, but had come to feel that no effort was worth while. The wife said: "I haven't had money for a newspaper for two years. We had to give up all our recreation. We do not even go to a movie, and you know how we like good music. I often wonder will we ever be able to get back to our home, or will we get old and have nothing at all to show for our struggle."

A more immediate sentence was read upon the similar aspirations of the Magee-Dantes. He was of Italian stock and she of Irish, both born in this country. As children they had lived in old New York tenements without baths, the only running water being at the kitchen sink. But they both became office workers;

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he, a smart young fellow, had a job with a wholesale city market at \$60 a week. So they ambitiously embraced the purchase of a suburban house with a bath, a shower, and a breakfast nook. She stayed home to keep house. In the American sense they were getting on.

Dante lost his job. For nearly a year he sought an equally good one. Once he got temporary work for \$30 a week. During this year also, with the optimism which lies behind multiple small capitalistic adventures of the kind, he opened a fruit stand and failed.

To make their property story short—their domestic story is longer and more harrowing—their savings saw them through the first weeks only. Then they sold their house at a loss of \$1100, put the furniture in storage, and Norah Magee-Dante went to live with her mother and family, taking the two children with her.

The first steps of decline under unemployment differ for the householder and for the tenant. If you own your house you give up all else, by selling or pawning or forfeit of insurance, to save it from foreclosure. One of your earlier expedients is to sublet or to take lodgers. Finally like a house of cards your home collapses over your head in that last cataclysm, the sheriff's sale.

But if you are a tenant, when your income stops, housing is a different problem, to be met by consecutively smaller, darker, damper, colder quarters. At last eviction: or the being put out upon the street with your goods, of which there have come to be, in the attempt to stave off this last event of Earth's uncharity, mercilessly few.

Disintegration of the family can come, of course, before eviction. The young Williameses of Boston lost their means of livelihood when pottery manufacturing migrated to the South and West. After one move to cheaper quarters they parted, he to live with his family, and she, with their baby, to live with her mother. The Cassattas, also of Boston, have descended from a fine home of their own, five rooms and a bath, through an Odyssey of jobs and joblessness, to living with another family. Cassatta moved to Portland, Maine, to get a job in a hat factory. This work is again part-time, and his income during the next two months was as low as \$4 a week and never over \$16. Mrs. Cassatta wrote in a letter: "We live with another family. I wish I had my own home. We pay \$5 for food every week and \$2 for our room. Then there is the baby's milk and carfares. I want to go back to Boston."

The Millers of Pittsburgh, after four years of a marriage which started out propitiously, are now, after ruthless demotions from their first estate, expecting to place their children in a Home. Theirs is the sad and oft-repeated tale of the department store, which sends out its unheralded tidings on Christmas Eve, a dismissal to take effect at once. Miller was a salesman, and his wife too had been a saleswoman before her marriage; all her savings had been used to furnish their home. With their furniture paid for, she could even afford to stay home after marriage and keep house, which she did, very thriftily. During successive depressions, Miller was put on part time. Part-time employment being productive mainly of debts, the Millers had no reserve with which to meet a lay-off. They moved to cheaper quarters. On the plea that he was too young and strong to accept charity, he refused aid and the furniture was levied upon by the landlord. After the sale the pair moved into one furnished room at \$15 a month. He paid \$2 down on this rent and promised the rest within a week. This is where the history stops.

The Rzepinskis of Chicago were evicted. They had been accustomed to living in one of the better houses of their neighborhood. Eviction is at the lowest end of humiliation; so, although Mrs. Rzepinski was sick, just out of the hospital, she went out and found

night cleaning in an office building. She does her own housework by day. Rzepinski himself finally found night-work paying \$16 a week. With their joint earnings they were, when this history was reported, paying arrears of bills. They had not yet relinquished their ambition to send their oldest daughter to high school.

As we regard the loss of a home and of its furnishings, its equity in overstuffed furniture, in radios, in carpets and floor lamps, we cannot escape consciousness of what part is played in this drama by the advertiser and the high-pressure salesman.

We are told that advertising is not aimed at the person so oriented in the world that he knows exactly what he wants. The manufacturer's modestly uniform ideal for the housewife is made by trading upon her uncertainty, her fear of inferiority, and her ambition; upon her competitive and possessive instincts. Walk through any large, well-managed, lower-priced store, and you will know what the American manufacturer has in mind for her. In our passion to teach the consumer how to consume, we have lately even given birth to a new profession, that of the stylist. The stylist is one who invents new things for us to consume and new ways of making us feel unworthy if we do not consume them.

We may safely assume as we read of Mrs. Smith's five-room apartment, with "nice curtains and dra-

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peries, nice rugs and attractive although inexpensive furniture," that the manufacturer's confidence in his advertising copy-writers had not been misplaced and that Mrs. Smith, the wife of the grocer's clerk of Savannah, Georgia, had been taught to "like nice things."

Smith had clerked for eleven years in one grocery store. When competition seized his employers, he was reluctantly let go, but not before his firm tried to create a traveling job for him. This job did not pay and was abolished. Since then he has worked for the A & P, but they want him only in their busy season. Thus forced out of the grocery business, he became a carpenter's helper at an irregular \$2.80 per day. Smith sold one insurance policy to protect the others. When the next payments fell due, Mrs. Smith took her ring to the pawnshop. They have long since moved into crowded quarters.

As we read of Monterey of New Orleans, we sense in him a strong individualism which has possibly arisen from his early life as a trapper, fisher, and raiser of produce. For this reason he clung even more tenaciously than other men to the idea of a home as such, and his repeated movings seem therefore the more tragic. Monterey is a widower and the father of four children aged from seven to eighteen years. He was refused service during the war be-

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cause of his family responsibilities, but he came into the city to be of use in the shipyards. After the war was over he became a boiler-scaler. When his son was old enough to join him at this trade and they were fully employed, the family income was between \$40 and \$50 a week. They lived in comfortable surroundings, and although they were unable to afford luxuries, they achieved a pleasant life. In order to keep their children from the streets, the father and mother devised play at home and gave parties for them. The only girl, America, was to be given violin lessons by a friend of her father.

When America was eleven her mother died, however. In the same year, 1927, the boiler company, because of general depression and because they had installed machines, laid off over half their men, among them Monterey and son. The two men now earn as little as \$3 and \$4 a week if they earn at all, although Monterey has the trades, learned in the shipyards, of painter, carpenter's helper, and sailor to fall back upon. They take their work-clothes with them so they can change at a moment's notice if, after persistent and endless search for work, they find it.

Resentful of debts, Monterey pawned clothing, sold all furniture but beds, and moved from place to place in search of cheaper rent. Finally they settled in rooms within walking distance of the shipyards

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at \$7 a month. He hopes that his children, who have not presented problems in the past, will not be influenced by the many undesirable forces in their present environment. They dropped all insurance policies. America stopped school but studied at home to keep up with her class, so ambitious was she to complete grade school. How she does this is beyond a grown woman's comprehension, for besides her cooking and scrubbing and housework she had to wash several times a week to keep her menfolks in clean clothing, since they have few changes. She was eleven when she assumed this rôle of housekeeper. At first, while he could, her father hired a woman to wash for her.

Needless to say, the health of the Montereys is going to pieces. In winter they have no coats or sweaters. When the father and son can get no work for weeks, the two youngest boys go out to the market, where they pick up scraps of meat and cast-off vegetables for the family table. The phonograph has long since departed. Monterey, resolute for so long to persist in the ideal for their future which he shared with their mother, has reached the breaking-point and feels that eventually he will be forced to place his children in an asylum. He says, "I don't plan for them any more as I used to do. I am afraid to think of the future too much."

Although Tastante of Louisville is a casual

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laborer, between construction jobs falling back on the losing game of banana peddling, he held a six months' job in a candy factory. During the six months the Tastantes prospered and were self-sustaining. But when the Christmas rush orders of candy were filled, he was laid off. When later he begged at the settlement for any kind of work, a caller went over to the Tastantes', and this is what she found:

"At the end of a long dark passage in two small dirty rooms in back of an old storeroom the visitor found Tastante's family, consisting of his wife and their four children, aged nine, seven, five, and two. On the table, scarcely visible at first in the damp, poorly lighted room, were two bottles partly filled with milk and several loaves of bread which the mother had just baked. This, they explained, would be their only food for the rest of the week. The four children playing on the floor were dressed in very soiled summer dresses. They wore no underwear."

The Tastantes may never have been clean. I do not know. However, the laborious effort of the little girl America in New Orleans who, when she was twelve, was washing several times a week to keep her father and three brothers in changes of clothing, testifies painfully that falling off from their standard of cleanliness is a tragedy of which many of these families are aware. This metamorphosis from

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clean life to slumminess is almost an inevitable accompaniment of deprivation. Clothes wear out and cannot be replaced. Or the mother comes home herself to wash and scrub after a day in the factory or a night of cleaning offices. Or while the mother goes out the older children do the housework and feed the others.

The new quarters which they have been forced to seek may or may not have running water. Handel of Pittsburgh, as we read, had to carry water from his neighbor's cellar. Sometimes the gas is turned off, and there is no flame on which to heat it. The rooms are dark and sunless. Sleeping and eating are done in the same room. There is no place to air the bedding. The place is overcrowded, becomes squalid by excess of existence. Finally—and this event, by the law of self-preservation, must antedate the time when there is no food—there comes a time when there is a famine of soap. The story of this deterioration of standards runs through the whole inquiry.

III

With such a sea beating upon the family foundation, the strongest rock is perforce dislodged from its place. The mother goes out to work.

There are several reasons why she can get a job when her man cannot. First, as has been said, women will work for less wages. Why, is not a question for this book. Woman had to when she was an unwelcome intruder on the scene. Her physical inferiority made her less widely useful when arm power counted, for there were fewer kinds of things she could do. Her physical cycles made her emotions unsteady. And most of all she had, even if only a legendary one, a husband or a father to support her. She could work for pin-money.

Now she is more welcome, although it has not changed her financial status with the employer. Some of the machines which have ousted from 30 to 100 men at a stroke can be operated by the touch of her finger. Manufacturing in part has been reduced to a series of repetitious operations. Her alleged lack of intelligence no longer counts against her. Neither does her temperament, which has been geared to forced steadiness by the metronome of the machine.

Whatever the final outcome, certainly it is true that many women are now supporting the family.

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They go into the mills to operate the machines which put their husbands out of work. They swell the list of domestic servants which the new distribution of wealth at the top makes it possible to absorb. They clean houses by day and offices by night. They clean Pullman cars. They do chamber work in hotels. They become saleswomen. They take up canvassing. They work in laundries. They become ushers and ticket-takers, waitresses, telephone operators. They work in offices, shops, and beauty parlors. Then they go home at night, get the supper, buy the food for next day, scrub, wash, and sew for the family.

If you have ever wondered, as have I, passing cavernous buildings on my way home from the symphony, what is involved in being a scrubwoman, Mrs. de Angelo of New York could explain. Mrs. de Angelo not only manages her household as thriftily as she knows how and makes all the clothing worn by herself and the children, but works six nights a week from six until ten o'clock in an office building, cleaning twenty-six offices each evening for \$13 a week. In each office she mops the floor, sweeps the rug, empties the waste-basket and ash-trays, dusts and straightens the furniture for slightly more than 8 cents per room. When you walk late on Brooklyn Bridge and watch the festival of lights play up and down the façades of shadowy towers, that is just Mrs. de Angelo and her army of cohorts that you see,

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going from floor to floor, laggard units of production, lighting up the night.

Sometimes it seems that there is no one constituent element in all of unemployment, not even starvation, so frightful as the chronic fatigue of those who bear most actively its burdens. I saw in the line of applicants for relief in Philadelphia the face of a woman I shall never forget. She was perhaps thirty, a beautiful Polish woman. She had been brought to the Department of Public Welfare to obtain help (which she seemed at the moment, I might add, in no way likely of getting), by an articulate and wholly admirable Italian woman who lived near her. According to the neighbor's story the woman's husband, a worker for the city, had been injured in his spine. The disposition of his case had been postponed for month after month, and for nearly a year he had lain in their hovel on his back. The wife, failing the city's support, had at last been driven out to do cleaning. The young Pole sat stonily through her friend's recital. I say stonily. She had the look of alabaster. She seemed not present. The blood in her veins shone blue through her ghostly skin, and her eyes, a purplish blue, seemed fixed upon a point in space where the Philadelphian courts, squalor, starvation, and the kindness of neighbors were all as one. She was too tired to hear. Never once did she regard any of us present. She had worked, said her Italian

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protagonist, until she had literally dropped in her tracks, and when she, *la donna seconda*, had arrived, there had been no food in the Polish house for several days.

This is not, unfortunately, an exceptional tale. When Mrs. Kurfee of Louisville was interviewed, she was still, half an hour after she had returned from her work in a laundry, sitting on the edge of her bed with her hat and coat on, holding her face in her hands. As she talked she half dozed. She works five days a week from seven in the morning until six in the evening and a half day on Saturday. Her wage is \$10 a week with no pay for overtime, but a dock of half a day's pay for being a minute late. Unemployment of her husband separated the family. He is a strong man and a competent steam-fitter, but consecutive lay-offs broke his morale. She took her four daughters, Miriam, Helen, Hazel, and Margaret, to live in one room on the third floor of a house in a bad district. Her sixteen-year-old son lives with his grandmother and pays his mother his entire wage to help her with the rent.

Another woman—this was explained by her child—rested between her job of day cleaning and her job of night cleaning by laying her head on the table at supper before she went out again . . .

Mrs. Richter of New Orleans taught her husband to read and write after he married her, and helped

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him to work up to a job much beyond his original capacity. Now that he has lost his work she attempts to do outside housework besides caring for her seven children. Frequently, over periods of time, she has had only bread and black coffee to feed them. As long as six years ago Mrs. Popowski, whose husband was laid off for nine months from a factory where he had been coal passer, went to work on a farm on the outskirts of Chicago, leaving the oldest of her six children, a girl of ten, in charge of her four-month-old baby. Although she left home at four in the morning and did not return until seven in the evening, she could not make enough to keep the family out of debt. In the last eighteen months the earnings of father and mother combined have been so low that they have had to give up taking milk. One child died of insufficient nourishment and as a result of its mother's exhaustion at farm labor before its birth. Another child developed rickets and was sent to the Crippled Children's Hospital.

Mrs. Matthew White of Philadelphia, who saw her baby Joan, "born a healthy baby, nine and a half pounds, go down to four and a half pounds," before she applied for aid, had worked in a mill, lifting heavy boxes, until a month before a previous child was born. She says they would have starved if she had not found jobs cleaning offices at night. . . . Mrs. James, aged thirty-six, of Salt Lake City, who

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has six children, takes in sewing, works in factories, and has a boarder. Her physical fatigue has been accompanied by the nervous depression consequent on several removals to cheaper quarters, the loss of all articles to the pawnshop, and the inability to meet even the lowest rent. Between October 28, 1927, and February 29, 1928, five months, Mr. James earned \$59. The reporter of the Jameses' history adds this generalization about Salt Lake City: "The city has not enough all-the-year industries to employ all the men living here. Every winter there are many family men out of work, often idle for several months with only an occasional job to tide them over. The women have a better chance in factories, in laundries, day work, and so forth, and often bear the burden of the home, financially as well as in its care, at this time of the year (February)." Mrs. Donato of New York, wife of a longshoreman, to make up for her husband's lack of work, carries the entire janitorship of the tenement in which she lives, and does continual button-card sewing as well. But since these bring in only 7 cents a gross, during the winter she kept the three children, aged fourteen, thirteen, and eleven, at home to help her as soon as they came from school each day. When this story was written Mrs. Donato was anxiously awaiting Mary's fifteenth birthday. Then would come the working papers, and Mary could be taken out of

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school to be janitor in her mother's place, and thus released, Mrs. Donato could go to work in a garment factory. This was the greater misfortune in that Mary, who had lost one eye in infancy, was being trained as a typist in the Sight Conservation classes.

Mrs. Tiorsi of Boston does bead work. Although this strains her eyes, she cannot afford to buy glasses. Her husband was a hand laster. Machines took his trade. After nine months of unemployment he tried to commit suicide. Their son Gabriel left high school in the third year to relieve the strain, but the only issue of this has been \$9 a week earned as a waiter. . . . Mrs. Ingebretsen, of Minneapolis, run down from not enough food, worked first in an artificial flower factory, later in an umbrella factory; took a full-time position as housekeeper and assisting nurse for a physician; had a complete breakdown, then attempted to rent rooms; worked in Woolworth's.

About the Hogans of Rochester there is something Dreiseresque. Mrs. Hogan told the worker she had often wanted to write a book on unemployment. She gave out an interview as follows: "When we were married Hogan had a good job. He had a bakery of his own and made enough at this to keep us very comfortable. After we had been married about a year, a chain store opened up next door to our shop, and we were finally put out of business. At this time our first child was born, and all that we had went for

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a doctor and hospital bills. This was September and we were cared for by a relief organization all winter. He did not get any work until the following June when the parks opened. He worked in a refreshment stand until fall and then no work again when the parks closed for the winter. The baby was almost a year old, so I decided to take a job. I got a lady next door to take care of her, and I worked as a dishwasher in a restaurant. It had a cement floor which was cold and damp all the time. My right arm began to pain me and swell after I had been working there about four months. I knew I had rheumatism but tried not to let the boss know it. He soon found something was wrong because I could not work as fast as I did before, and I lost my job. In the meantime, Mr. Hogan had got a job with the City, shoveling snow. This lasted just a few months."

Mrs. Hogan's story goes on and on; reminds one, in its repetitiveness, of the famous endless tales. The main plot of the recurring episode is: Hogan finds a job, he loses it; they have a baby; and then she goes to work. It has high spots, for Mrs. Hogan is a diverting woman. They assume aliases to escape the debt collectors. They become Irish in one neighborhood; they become English in another. Really they are German-Americans. Once Hogan, after a terrible disheartenment, deserts for two months, returning to a three-room house with three dogs for

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his three children as a peace offering. "This," says Mrs. Hogan briefly, "caused a little trouble, but he sold the dogs for enough to buy winter shoes for the children, and I guess it wasn't so bad after all."

IV

As Americans, fond of our fallacy of independence, we rejoice when we come upon the statement, "Smith refused aid." Or, "What the Joneses could not pay for, they went without." The instances are manifold where every known expedient is resorted to by our families in preference to seeking charity. But when the income is reduced to practical or actual nothing, one of two things must occur: the accepting of relief, or deprivation, occasionally so extreme as to result in death from cold or lack of food. Fortitude is often sustained at the expense of the coming generation.

The relief agencies last winter were forced to help a type of family that had suffered much shame before it put in an appearance for alms. Mrs. Matthew White of Philadelphia said she watched her children starving until she could not stand it any longer. Before she asked for help she undoubtedly went through the equivalent sacrifice of Fred Johnson, who, when he was accused by some one of standing on the corners with other men, was defended by his wife. He stayed there all noon, Mrs. Johnson said, for fear if he came home he would be tempted to eat what they had been able to put on the table for the children. The six young Murphys of Boston are re-

ported by their teachers as being "soft" from lack of food, although their mother is in good repute as being a thrifty shopper and an excellent housewife. The Hagers of Louisville made their savings spin for two years of unemployment and then went without food rather than ask for charity. The Browns of Philadelphia were reported by their grocer as having lived on bread and tea for six weeks. The Montereys of New Orleans picked up scraps of meat and vegetables at the market. One history says, "Owing to want of food, clothing, and especially fuel, during the first months of 1929, Mr. D. (a longshoreman of New York City) contracted a severe case of pneumonia. He was too sick to be taken to the hospital by the time the ambulance came. The undernourished condition of his three daughters shows plainly in their anemic condition and especially, too, in their need of a great deal of dentistry"—a very common entry. One family of four children in Philadelphia eats on certain days a week. Their mother washes on Monday and receives more than most employers would pay her, \$4 and some groceries. After the rent is paid the rest goes for food. On the floor above them is a man, also head of a family. Occasionally he gets a day of work. On these days he shares with them what food he has been able to buy.

Mrs. Warner, who lives on the top floor of an old tenement on the lower West Side of New York,

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conscientiously takes her children to clinics, following as best she can the instructions given her there. The results would not seem to have repaid her efforts: jaundice, indigestion, undersize, swollen glands, constant colds, cardiac trouble, and chronic appendicitis are the lot of one or more of her family. (I think, as I read of the Warners' diet problems, of the ironic niceness of the incident which lately occurred in a public school of Philadelphia. An undernourished child was given by the school doctor a medicine to whet her appetite. As time went on, and she continued to give evidence that she was not eating enough, a visit was paid to her home. There it was discovered she had little to eat.)

When their story was reported, Warner, a steam-fitter, had been out of work for eight months, but had found a job which would last two weeks. Mrs. Warner's brother gives them rent money, and to meet food bills, the family has earned about \$11 a week making lampshades. This necessitates work by every member of the family, even six-year-old Vincent having learned to make the smallest shades, which bring 75 cents a dozen.

There are eight of them, and they live in three rooms. They sleep under their garments and some thin cotton blankets, on two double beds and a couch. The children, who possess but a few scattered pieces of underclothing, wear worn-out sweaters for under-

shirts. Once when a visitor called, they were found at their main meal of bread and boiled cabbage, with meat for the father, who had been to the Bronx for work.

The visiting nurses of New York send in this story. Although it was reported later than the others, it is equally descriptive of times a year ago for such people as the Vasaccos:

"We have lately been called," says the nurses' report, "into districts where people have heretofore been fairly comfortable. . . . We visited the home of an Italian woman who was attending our pre-natal clinic. She had been married for two years. Her home was immaculate, the furniture still new. The entire apartment showed much attention. Mrs. Vasacco was expecting a baby in April. She is a young woman, only about twenty-four, vivacious, very much in love with her husband and devoted to her home.

"As she took us from room to room, proudly showing her well-kept furniture, she said in response to our remarks of admiration, 'You see, this is my marriage house and I try to keep it the way it was when I first came here.'

"At the last meeting of the clinic the nurse was giving the mothers a talk on what to eat to make the baby strong and healthy. As she spoke about the milk that mothers should drink so that the baby would

have strong teeth and bones, the sound of uncontrolled weeping came from the back of the room. Upon investigation they found that it was Mrs. Vasacco who was crying bitterly. She would not tell the nurses why, until later on when they had calmed her. Then she said she had had nothing to eat but bread and water for the past two weeks. Her husband had been out of work since October. As she listened to the nurses explaining what the mother should eat to have healthy babies, she had wondered what chances her baby would have. I asked her why she had not told the nurses before of her plight. She said they had never taken money from anybody or asked any one for help. They had now given up their house and lived in the basement of the house owned by her father. They ate with her family until her father also lost his job and there was scarcely enough for his own family.

“‘I could not tell the nurses anything,’ Mrs. Vasacco said. ‘I was too ashamed. I thought every day that my husband would get a job, but there just doesn’t seem to be any work at all, even though he would be willing to do anything. He can make things with his hands and drive a car, but he cannot get a job even as a truck driver.’ ”

One should perhaps continue to deal with starvation separately, as being, of all consequences of unemployment, the most dramatic to the reader who has

never been hungry. But although nearly every résumé reads thus: "Insufficient food; undernourishment; lack of milk; baby died; lack of resistance; mother thin; father underfed; incipient tuberculosis; bad teeth; rickets"; or, quoting family, "We pull in our belts" or "We et tight," I find it difficult to isolate each deprivation. The family debilitation is not a matter of a hole eaten out of the cloth. The whole fabric rots away. It is not so much more important that the LeFevres were reduced to starvation than that they were simultaneously in every other way destroyed as a family. In 1919, when they were living in Superior, Wisconsin, the family consisted of the father, mother, and three girls. The oldest, slightly subnormal, was fourteen, and the little girls were one and two and a half respectively. LeFevre, a carpenter in his early forties, was working as a drayman, but the war had given him high wages and plenty of work. He earned \$50 a week. All of this went into his home. Their house, upon which they had paid \$2000 (the price was \$3500), stood on a fine lot, 50 x 150, this deep space being shaded by trees and filled in with lawn and garden. Mrs. LeFevre did her own housework and sewing and was an active member of the Ladies' Aid, to which she paid \$1 a month. They paid \$75 yearly to the support of their church. He was a member in good standing of three lodges, which cost him \$60. One cannot help re-

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greeting those lost lodges. The lodge, as it has appeared on the pages of the questionnaire, is a definite social goal-post. Participation in it indicates that a man is esteemed, is known by his first name.

The soldiers returned to Superior, Wisconsin. Wages tumbled and LeFevre lost his job. Then began the catholic, seven-circle descent. They lost their furniture. They moved to Minneapolis to look for work. They worried. They ate too little. They sickened. They could have no doctor. The public charities found them in one room with nothing to eat. The oldest daughter, without the protection which her home had afforded her, had given birth to an illegitimate child. Through the Family Welfare, LeFevre got a steady job at \$85 a month. It looks now as if he would never earn more. The LeFevres tried to climb back. He borrowed on his wages to move his family at once out of one room. From odds and ends he began to make furniture. She took old garments given to her and made neat clothes for her little girls. She saved fiercely for sheets and pillow cases. But the effects of years cannot be erased. LeFevre is crusty and irritable and hard to work with. The mother is crushed in spirit, makes no effort to go out, wants only to be left alone to the task of existence. LeFevre says, "It is too late to begin again. We can never do more than to get a living."

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Man may not live on bread alone. One is left confused about the loaf and the hyacinths. Often I stand in my upper window at sunset and look over the woods toward Ardmore. It was there in March the carpenter laid down his tools and died, in the first mist of the spring that has arisen to shroud this Black Winter.

I can picture part of the story, but parts of it are beyond my powers to picture. How did he get to the job in Ardmore from his home in Philadelphia? It is over 30 cents away. Who lent him the carfare? Or did he walk? Or did he catch a ride? What conversation did he overhear, what printed words gave him the desperate hope that in Ardmore would lie his redemption? How did his words form themselves so persuasively in the mouth of one so restrained, with such a sense of form, that he was to greet the close of his miserable life with rites? "He begged awful," said the contractor. "I couldn't stand it. I didn't have the work, but I made him a job."

So he was set to work and the first day passed. A second day commenced. At eleven in the morning the carpenter put away his job, took up his tools slowly, and laid them in their chest. "What's the matter? Ain't you satisfied?" inquired the contractor. "I'm satisfied. Your work's going fine." To which *nunc dimittis* the good and faithful servant made no answer, but put his last saw in his kit, and lay down

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and died. At the hospital it was said that for five days his stomach had received no food.

I stand in the window at sunset and ponder about the carpenter. I see the metal saw, I smell the sawed wood. I can reconstruct his slowing movements, the classical effort towards completion, the laying away of the tools, and suddenly a sense of levitation crowds out my pity. That act is over. He found the inaccessible end. For the most of the poor, an accident staves it off. A sop prolongs them—a fortuitous plate of soup from the floor above; an old cabbage head rolled off a stand in the market; some tea.

A costly woods stands between me and the stage of that magnificent tragedy. A pink imported mist of cherry blossoms softens my hard regard. The sheen of satiny rhododendrons girdles the groves of lofty and expensive trees. The dogwoods trace upon a gentle screen their waxen abstractions, and over the west there hangs one extravagant star.

PART FIVE

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS

PART FIVE

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS

I

I SHOULD, for competence' sake, and to prove that it can be done, draw a fine line between the physical and the psychological effects of such poverty as has been described in these pages. I am not the one best fitted to do so, having in myself too slight a perception between the real and the unreal. I shall let you do so for yourself.

You are Heinz, lately bar-tender of Minneapolis. Having a sense for the winter ahead of you, as when a man who sees a summer sky turn green and smells the rushing vacancy of air herds into a cellar his terror-stricken family, you have laid in a hide-out of potatoes. These are your safety against the grinding of the vacuum.

And as you have prophesied, as you have smelled, as you have tasted the event, the long night of destitution comes. Your family of five gather closer to the board. "We shall not starve," you say. "No, we have the potatoes. We shall eat." You put your thumbs into your armholes. "That was the fine stroke, my young ones. Then was your father the smart old one. Then was I the provider."

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You provide potatoes mashed. You provide them boiled, you provide them baked, you provide potato pancakes, you provide potato soup.

It is at last November. Your potatoes freeze. Now you can have mashed frozen potatoes, you can have them frozen and boiled, you can have them frozen and baked. The frozen Gargantuan potato cooks sickeningly forever upon the stove.

Is this gray soggy thing a potato, or is it a state of mind?

You are one of the Hanlon sisters of Boston. It makes no difference which. You are, as it were, twins. If you are Miss Delia, you are fat and jolly. If you are Miss Mary, you are thin and pointed. You make wire hat-frames. You sing in the choir. You are sought for your gossip. You live together and save for your old age. But, la! your old age descends upon you some ten years too soon. Who wants a wire hat-frame? Not I, say even the ladies of Boston, in unprecedented acclaim of passing modes. You scrimp, you save, you walk the streets, you hide your economies, you turn your dresses, you dry your tea-leaves, you eat less, you eat nothing. You fear you will not die before your savings are gone. Your nieces and nephews will have to take care of you. You eschew the haunts of gossip which once echoed with your narratives, lest the gossips turn upon you.

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You expect slights. You are not seen. You move inward to an abode of suspicion.

Is this privation, or is it fear?

Or you are Mr. Tiorsi. You are a hand laster. You make good money. You are respected. *Va bene*. Upon the smallest hillside one may rear the vine. Your children are around you. You are the patriarch.

But ladies in a sudden madness want many kinds of shoes: red shoes, white shoes, plaited shoes, straw shoes; pumps, buckles, alligator, the little lizard that runs on the wall. *Va bene*. Let them have them. The world is a bridal blizzard of cast-away shoes. Who wants the excellent boot for endurance? Moreover, the wits of man have devised a machine.

Are you a patriarch longer?

Your children go out to work. Your wife scolds and nags you. You are no good. You are no man. You seek an end. Shall it be hanging? Will you stand on a chair, fix a rope, and kick the chair away? This is forbidden by the church. Is your mind then unhinged?

You will crawl perhaps at night along the Charles Embankment. The Italian cadenzas of your youth have ended on a northern, minor note. When will your sorrows have an end? When all the rivers reach the sea.

Your family finds you before it is too late. They change. They are full of sudden pity. "*Poverino!*"

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It was his last pay envelope," they say. "He brought home but three dollars. We did not know he would take it so hard. We must watch him. We must be kinder."

You are Harry Towne of Chicago. You drive a truck for a newspaper. You are strong as an ox. You are unmarried. You live in a boarding-house. There you are admired. Why not? Your arm is magnificent. You lunge at the world with bales of news. Men could not live without you. Through the roar of the Loop, you rage your iron horses. You ford the fierce river of the Boulevard. You have no time for the Tiepolo blue of the lake, or for its silver gulls that swoon down upon the sand. You are busy. You are young Chicago. Were it not for you, could the *Tribune* sustain its towers?

It can and does. You are fired. You the zealot, the evangelist, the public servant. But he lied who said that for the zealot one job is as good as another. You were important: you served Chicago with its morning paper. Today you have no importance. You were not needed. You merely thought you were. You were a goof. But there are no more jobs of any kind. Your sister gives you food. But you cannot eat. What? A man, grown, fed by a woman? They say you act queer. The family gathers together. They consult and decide. They convene doctors who brood, whisper, and recede.

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"Nervous breakdown," they say. "He won't get well until he gets a job. How old did you say he was? Twenty-five. Queer. Pretty young."

You are any one of the respected husbands, fathers, breadwinners, of the families in this book. You lose the last of these titles. Now where goes the respect? Until final dissolution sets in, the home becomes a matriarchy. Your wife married you for love, leaned proudly on your powers. But she sees days and weeks and months go by, and you come back with nothing at eleven or twelve in the morning to sit spiritlessly in the kitchen after having walked the street since five. How long will her confidence last? She begins to scold. You try to show a little authority with the children. They turn on you, laugh, openly disobey. She launches in upon them. They fly to the street. Her faith long since changed to hope, her hope to suspicion. She fears you do not try. You are no good. She has married a good-for-nothing. She reads in the papers that business is picking up. Thousands more men were laid on this month than last, that being the blithe bedside manner of the press and the officials, aimed to inspire the public's confidence. Her suspicions are confirmed. You are a lazy lout. You want her to take care of your family and support them as well. Very well, she will show you. She will do it if it kills her. You are scolded if you go to the corner, you are scolded

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if you don't. You begin to drink. You grow sullen, you curse. You become what is known in other circles, and whispered of blackly, as anti-social. Perhaps you talk against the government. Perhaps you merely go in for bootlegging and creep back into society by the back way. Large cars draw up to your door late at night, debouching men rolled rich in flesh. Your children make a stealthy appearance in new finery. Your wife avoids her old friends. Or you are apprehended and clapped in jail unless you happen to have been successful enough to bribe the proper officials.

In spite of the discoveries of modern psychology, there is an ethical dead-set in the American mind for the triumph of virtue against all odds. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," we all but have the courage to say out loud.

Yet to a reader skeptical of the truth of this saying which absolves privation of any guilt in the break-up of human character, the amount of fortitude, patience, endurance, and aspiration to be found in these men and women would be a cause for marvel. In history after history appear the words, "The family remains harmonious," or, "Attitude of father very courageous. Keeps on trying." Of the Rosarios, of Madison, Wisconsin, whose children are out of school because they have no clothes, and ill because of insufficient food, it is told that the "man is hopeless but proud; mother's attitude of coöperation and sympathetic understanding is extraordinary." Of the Freedom family of New York, who lost Robert, their youngest child, with measles and pneumonia, because, as they believe, he was too weak from undernourishment to fight his diseases, it is said, "This family has tried very hard. Harmonious but depressed." To ask the Freedoms to be less than depressed would be perhaps too much, even if grief

had not weighted down their poverty. They have all had to go to bed at dark. They have no light; their electric current is turned off. Now, though Freedom, a chauffeur, is again employed, at a very small wage as a janitor, he is so far in arrears that he is still unable to have the gas turned on in the apartment.

You find pride everywhere.

It took the artless revelation of their thirteen-year-old daughter Carlotta to uncover the fact that the Doney's of New York were not, at the moment, eating. The older Doney's gave no sign. Carlotta was given 50 cents in return for some errands about the settlement, and she confided that it would go for food, since there was no food in their house. Once the Doney's had been in the saddle, and the world need not know they had been dismounted; charity was not in their code.

There are many of these who would rather starve than accept charity. Unfortunately, physical laws break down their natural hauteur, and charity makes its hateful entrance through sick relief, perhaps. Women who have been accustomed to having a private doctor commence to go to public wards and clinics. Or children at school are caught at being much too thin and are put into the diet classes. But even though a proud man has to beg cessation of hostilities and admit himself for the moment defeated, he is apt to ask a truce only; to consider all

gifts loans, and pay them back when he can; to take up his debts at the earliest moment.

Women will slave tirelessly to keep up their share in this proud appearance. Mrs. Becker of Philadelphia "always sends her children to school with clean clothes. She washes several times a week. She is clever about sewing, and makes very presentable clothes out of remnants picked up from street counters. Both Mr. and Mrs. Becker are facing their situation with courage. Their self-respect and self-reliance are intact. Mrs. Becker makes a point of 'always keeping a smile' on her face for the sake of her husband and children."

If the reader finds her phrase somewhat fatuous, let me uncover to him the exact nature of the problems which Mrs. Becker grimly prefers to face "with a smile." There can be nothing so weak as fatuity in her situation, and one may even, with a show of taste, admire her set expression as one admires the buttons on a uniform, a part of the trappings of war. Her husband, a man of thirty-six, was a truck driver for a furniture establishment. With the aid of a truck which he bought second-hand, he picked up odd jobs and brought his earnings up to some \$60 a week. General depression put him out of work. When this was reported he had had no job since December, 1927, a year and a half.

"Mr. and Mrs. Becker had \$2000 saved toward

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a house. They have used all that and borrowed \$700 in addition from friends and relatives. Up to the present they have paid rent and insurance. They owe \$45 to a grocer and this week are going to sell three of their insurance policies to pay it, so that further credit will be given them there. Mrs. Becker is trying to find a job. Becker sold his truck for \$60 since he could make nothing with it, and garage rent was \$10 a month."

The initial mood of a man who has lost his job is shock, particularly if he is a man with a long work-record. Burns, a linotyper of Fall River, Massachusetts, worked for thirty-one years with one newspaper until it went out of business, and in the subsequent three years has not found another, though he has tried in other cities. Carter, the newsbutcher of Savannah, Georgia, had worked for the same company for sixteen years when he lost his job. The Hanlon sisters of Boston worked for forty years; the history implies but does not say that it was in the same factory. Reuter of New Orleans worked for fifteen years in the same bag factory. Silverman was a despatcher in a Pittsburgh department store for twelve years. These workers were bound to meet dismissal with incredulity.

But the shock wears away. Necessity puts a man on the hunt, and new emotions displace astonishment. If he is a skilled artisan or a professional or a semi-

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professional worker, he will be loath to accept jobs of lower caste. He knows they will give him a permanent set-back. This decision to stay at his own level brings down disapproval on his head. His neighbors call him choosy. His wife, the one who is forced to make ends meet, is apt to be resentful of his attitude. Nevertheless the higher the type of worker the more likely is he to strike this posture. At first; until repeated experience opens his eyes to the fact that this is a new world which confronts him, that he is lucky to get ditch-digging if he can thus keep his family intact.

It is here that discouragement assails him. At this point begins the personal and family disintegration which is written into the history of unemployment. Who can accuse a man of willfulness for succumbing to the inevitable? He has to forswear planning, that curious cerebration which gives to man a future. If long days of searching bring him nothing, why go out? Or at least why stay out longer than ten or eleven in the morning? The day's hiring has been long since done, and there obviously is nothing left but to work from day to day and hand to mouth. Perhaps he hangs out at the corner or in the pool-room. As one wife says, there is always some one somewhere who will buy you a drink. Perhaps he comes home to the kitchen to hear himself abused by his overwrought wife. Nerves, anxiety, contempt,

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dismantle the house of its peace. He finally takes to liquor and never comes home except to fight, or does not go out at all, and sits about inert or abusive, a reproach to his former estate.

How long before the moral break-up sets in? I use the word "moral" in its customary sense as describing a conventional deportment. The true moral break-up is subtler and probably coincides with a man's first consciousness that he has been rejected from the convention-making world.

Some one posed this question to the gentle Blanton, the statistician of Savannah, Georgia, a man to whom charity is so hateful that he is keeping books on the loans made him by the welfare societies. "I have asked myself," he answered, "how my situation has affected my moral standards. Were I to find a pocketbook in the street, would I return it to the owner? I was obliged to admit that I should be tempted to keep it."

In some of these families the metamorphosis is not extreme. An exceptionally strong one here and there neither bends nor breaks. The Carters of Atlanta, the Dohaneys of Boston, the Harkinses of Philadelphia—I can think of others—have kept familial harmony. "Unemployment," reads their record, "has not affected the moral standards of Mr. Donato. He has not neglected his family in any way,

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and they have all probably been drawn closer together because of their poverty and hardships."

But often patience becomes the strongest of the virtues. One's heart goes out to Doney, who has changed very much since he is not any more the regular support of his family. "He used to be master. Now he acts humiliated even in his own home. His wife reproaches him before the children and visitors, but he does not answer or try to justify himself. The children do not seem to have changed in their attitude of respect toward the father. Mrs. Doney would be the first to turn upon them if they dared to do so."

What resistance it takes to refuse the often handsome remuneration offered by bootlegging can be seen from the fact that observers find the refusal worthy of mention.

In a neighborhood full of bootlegging and drinking, Aller of Omaha has a record for complete sobriety. Yet it is said of the Aller family that even their children's faces reflect the parents' grave outlook on life, so rigorous is the moral standard which they impose upon themselves.

Mrs. James of Salt Lake City, whose husband refused various offers to bootleg, describes what independence of one's neighbors means to the unemployed:

"I have always been very ambitious and taken

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great interest in my home. . . . The house gets dirty and I cannot wash; there is no soap. The children's clothes are torn and when I come to sew there is no thread. Then some one comes in and asks, 'When did you wash your curtains last?' and you've just got to smile and say you don't care for that sort of work any more, you just don't get a kick out of it, that's all. And you know they're whispering behind their hands, 'I believe she's lived so long with a lazy person she's grown lazy herself.' It takes a strong character—you've just got not to care for anybody or anything to get along. It gets you a reputation for orneriness—where if you had work and everything coming in, you could run your house on a system, everything would be clean and nice."

One can see from the tenor of Mrs. James's conversation that Mr. James is not likely to turn to bootlegging. Of Mr. Contillo of Pittsburgh, one is not so sure. He has been helping his neighbors who are bootleggers, but has not yet shared in their profits. For himself, he has become a steady drinker, though he used to save that indulgence for holidays. Now, according to Mrs. Contillo, he sits half the time by the fire, drunk; occasionally is violent toward the children and frequently threatens to kill the boarders, so that she is afraid they may leave—one would think they might. When reproached with this situation, Mr. Contillo agrees it is bad, but says he

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was a fool to look as long as he did, for there won't ever be any more work for laborers. This last piece of fatalism is the consensus of his neighbors' opinion, whose unemployment antedated his, and who have convinced him that further searching is useless. Mrs. Contillo is bitter that he can "get hooch so easy" while she has such difficulty in persuading the grocer to give her credit.

Upon this particular phase of unwanted leisure, hearken to the Contillos' boarder, who emerged half dressed from his bedroom, formerly the Contillos' parlor, to finish dressing in the kitchen and to translate Mrs. Contillo's rapid Italian to the visitor. "I know myself, when I ain't got no work, I want to forget, too. This is a bad place to live if a man ain't got a steady job—all them pool-rooms and joints; why shouldn't he get drunk all the time? No, he never was like this before; but he tried for six weeks and couldn't find nothing, so he got to believing his pals. He tried to kill himself once, but Mrs. Contillo don't know it. Perhaps she'd rather he did. He'll die soon enough if he keeps on drinking that poison. It's tough on the family, that's why me and my pal stick here; they need our money to help out. Him being like that"—a jerk of the thumb indicated Mr. Contillo, who was staring at the group, mouth open, his eyes glazed and unseeing—"that's enough to make Mrs. Contillo sore all the time. She's always

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hitting the kids and yelling at him. She was so happy before. She's ashamed of him and tries to hide him if people come."

After three weeks of illness John Graham, a blind broom-maker in Louisville, Kentucky, lost his job at the State School for the Blind. He knew no other trade. His blindness practically sealed his situation. Nevertheless he tried for several months to get work. At last he tried the outlawed trade and began to make liquor in an effort to support his wife and three daughters. A newspaper carried news of his arrest: a fine of \$200 and a 45-day sentence. As he was without funds, he had to serve out his fine as well. When this was reported, he was still in jail, ill and despondent. Their comfortable home long since gone by the board, the two older daughters were taken by relatives when he was sentenced. Mrs. Graham and her smallest daughter went to live in one room in a very undesirable section of the city. She could not work because she was pregnant, and the two barely subsisted on a little money given to them by relatives.

The night her baby was born, a strange man living in the room next to hers called the ambulance. She was taken to the City Hospital, where she gave birth to a son. This roomer kept her little daughter with him until morning, when he took her to Mrs. Graham's father, who in turn took the child to the de-

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tention home. In the hospital now, in a grave condition, Mrs. Graham becomes hysterical when she thinks that she is going to lose all her children, something she has feared since Graham lost his job.

Externally more successful at bootlegging than their fellow townsmen, the Combses, another American family of Louisville, felt a social stigma upon their enterprise. They stopped going to church, and Mrs. Combs gave up going to the Mothers' Club to which she was much attached. The strain of the unemployment preceding what they so obviously considered a compromise, plus this sense of their anomalous position, broke down domestic peace, and they became quarrelsome. Combs procured a job and they readmitted themselves to the society from which they had felt disbarred.

But bootlegging is not the worst. The harassments of Michael Shanti drove him into inconsidered and gullible trifling with the drug traffic.

Michael and his wife Stacia came from Russia twenty-four years ago. He became a stevedore. High wages during the war enabled him to bring up his children in a way the profits of stevedoring would not ordinarily permit. There were six of them: twins, Joseph and Jerry, twenty-three; Marie, nineteen; Philip, fourteen; William, eleven, and a young daughter of eight, Josephine, blind since birth. The family ambition was education for all, so that each

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might prosper and make life comfortable for the little blind one. In vain effort to restore her sight, they spent a great deal of money.

After the armistice, wages fell. But Michael had saved. Although he had bought a house, mortgaged, and a piano, on the installment plan, he could still afford to work at these lower wages during the period when there continued to be plenty of work and supplies were being rushed to Europe.

But in two years, things changed again. The soldiers were home. Men crowded to the docks for work. Michael had long since wanted a steady job. Now he commenced to look for it. He had received no education—third grade in Russia, a little English here—and was unfitted for anything better than stevedoring, had there been anything else to do.

Work soon fell down to one day a week. Marie, taken out of school, where she was to have become a business woman, was put into a box factory, where she earned more than he did—\$12 a week.

Meantime, depletion took its regular course. Food, clothing, payments to the Building and Loan, insurance and union dues. Boarders were taken in, but at this juncture the twins, in their teens, sensitive to this intrusion upon their privacy, disappeared for parts unknown and have never been heard of since. The family still went on. The piano was called for

by the dealer, the furniture likewise. Still the Shantis refused help, either from settlement or church.

From here the end came quickly. Overwork and nerves wrecked Stacia's health, and a tumor developed in her breast. The blind child did not have enough to eat, so that the neighbors often fed her. For lack of clothes to keep them warm, and because of the general unsanitary conditions attendant upon the mother's sickness, the two younger boys fell ill. Finally the Board of Health had to be called in. At first Michael was stoic. He looked steadily for work all day every day. Then frantic fear and worry drove him like a quarry. One day when life was at its blackest Michael brought home a sum of money. He had met some seamen who smuggled drugs and he had been persuaded to dispose of them. Inexperienced, he was trapped and sentenced to ten years of hard labor at the Federal prison in Atlanta. How without humor is a justice that could read into such a sentence the phrase "hard labor"!

But Fate is not always drastic. Small leniencies, temporary reinstatements, petty let-ups, give the jobless breath. The brightest moment of them all was to me the moment of Mrs. Clancy's triumph. Clancy was down and out, a perfect sight; he refused to be seen in society. Mrs. Clancy, by economies so devious and so secret that God alone knows how she made them, saved \$11 from her scrubbing money

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and bought Clancy a new suit. Then, very casually, on the night the Men's Club met, she took him to the settlement. Seen suddenly in his new regalia, Clancy, the long absent, made such an impression on the members that he was immediately elected president. And soon thereafter got a job. Which is to prove, of course, that Carlyle was right, and any number of other men before him, who knew that it is the tailor who makes the man. Oh, the midnight conversation of the Clancys on the presidential night! Oh, the swelling ego! Oh, the preened plumes of the frail vain spirit! And, oh, Mrs. Clancy, Mrs. Clancy!

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ONE may not close the book upon these characters in quiet melancholy. They are living now, most of them, and are older only by a year—albeit a year of pervasive suffering.

During the time that the settlements were making their inquiry, estimates of national unemployment ranged from one million upwards. After the market collapsed in the fall of 1929, estimates were increased variously to from five to six and a half millions. This sudden contraction of opportunities for work could not but have intensified the misery of the families in this book. Yet when public and private initiative have finally lifted business back to the level of normal times, we shall but have returned to the situation portrayed in this survey.

The reader who has lasted to this point is likely to have had his conscience permanently burdened. Surely he has had it borne in upon him that in prosperous times there are workers out of work through no fault of their own. He will never again be able to solace himself with the consoling cliché, "Some folks won't work," without a picture of these men and women tramping the American streets.

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Neither can one say that these unemployed men have nothing to market. Whether they are skilled, semi-skilled, or unskilled, brain workers like Blanton, the statistician, or manual laborers like Morrow, the iceman, they have the same willingness, loyalty, and competence to offer which they owned before adverse conditions of industry did them out of a job.

When a man is out of work for reasons within his control he obtains scant sympathy. But as the reader has seen over and over again, not perseverance, nor skill, education, and health, nor a long and excellent work-record, stand the breadwinner in any certain stead when the bad word is handed down from directors to executive to foreman. To be sure, the best man may be the last to be discharged. But even he has no assurance of security. Laziness, incompetence, and shiftlessness determine the incidence but not the quantity of unemployment.

Nor is a man's need or that of his family an assurance of safety or even of consideration. He may be given a day's notice. He may be given a week or even a month. But whatever the mode of dismissal, the burden falls finally upon the individual who has lost his job and upon the household which hangs upon his earnings. It is up to him and to him alone, or his wife in his stead, and his children to reconnect with the sources of income.

Because labor has been regarded as, if not a com-

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modity, at least the most flexible and easily replaced element in production, the general run of business has long taken an attitude toward its labor supply which it would be too thrifty to take toward raw materials. The humane policy of certain employers to the contrary, industry expends more wit in utilizing its "by" or "waste" products than in conserving the work-power of men from being badly wasted.

The smallest employer and the most modest consumer will have to sense their obligation toward unemployment before the problem can be met. An indifferent producing and consuming public is the first obstacle to overcome. We must come to see that what is known as seasonal slackness is due not only to climate but to badly coördinated industry and in some measure to spasmodic consumption; that the displacement of men by machines has its origin in part in our search for cheap goods; that mergers and market changes and style shifts cause not only the rise and fall of merchandisers and manufacturers, but the defeat of those dependent upon them.

It has been said that "once the men and women of the United States shall take the stand that the denial of opportunity for work to the least of them is the concern of all, and no longer to be endured in our common life, economic and social invention will quickly devise means for making that opportunity secure."

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Within the last quarter of a century we have decreased the number and eased the human cost of industrial accidents in marked degree. When work accidents were first multiplied by congregate production the public invented for that horror, too, a self-absolving cliché. "It's the worker's own fault." The worker and his family were merely out of luck. There had always been risks of work: the farm hand falling from the mow, the blacksmith burned. But the world began to work in large crews on large jobs. Men met the risks of the blast furnaces, scaffolds, charged wire and high speed, the multiplied carelessness of their fellow workers. They were crippled and killed, and their families and the charitable community bore the cost. In twenty years we have closed in upon industrial accidents from two sides. First, safety engineering has cut down the number of accidents. Second, some share of the income loss from those accidents which precaution cannot avoid has, through workmen's compensation laws, become part of the recognized cost of modern production, and is met by the consumer.

Like the work accident, the unemployment hazard is not new. It as old as the farmer's first frost. Certainly farmers have from the beginning furnished us with our prototype of seasonal slackness. And they, unlike the modern industrial executive with controllable variants to work against, have had to fortify

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their year against a force as uncontrollable as the weather. They have made it their business to work out a security for the off-season. They dig root-cellar; they put hay in the mow, corn into shocks, and cows in the barn. They salt and smoke the animals they butcher. The farmer is an individualist, and, being responsible for himself and his own, he can never let up on his foresight.

Urban unemployment has also swollen with modern changes in our methods of work, with mass production, mechanization, style and market changes, and cycles of booms and depressions. The individual who wishes to save himself or his fellows from possibilities of disaster in this epoch of mass production is apt to feel that he is but putting his finger on a hole in the dyke. At the present moment the problem seems as occult as industrial accidents seemed twenty-five years ago. Unemployment has its psychology of fatalism as the industrial accident used to have. But we have with this parallel problem the parallel possibility of meeting the risks of unemployment as we met the risks of industrial accidents: first, through stabilization that will reduce the intermittency of earnings; second, through some form of protection for families caught by the dislocations of work which we fail to control.

The problem is intricate. Figures are uncertain. But the effects of unemployment are inescapable. To

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underline them seems unnecessary—physical suffering, broken spirits, defeated plans, abandoned enterprises, thwarted childhood, and a future left bleak and empty. Where can we take hold if we would help meet the need which these family records make so clear?

Production must be regularized insofar as regularization is humanly possible. The success of some manufacturers in organizing what seemed to be seasonal industries upon a twelve-month basis has made it evident that production is not Providentially ordered. All industrial processes cannot be spread throughout the year, but there are very few that cannot be bettered in practice. A complementary responsibility is laid upon the government as employer. Public works should be so projected and budgeted that when private industry falls off, the wage money involved in long-time public constructions will be kept in circulation when it is most needed.

Equally clear is the need for some more effective means for helping the individual in his baffling search for work. At present the jobless man is dependent too often upon inefficient public employment agencies, on newspaper advertising, and upon the doubtful assistance of private employment agencies. After his money is gone, he can depend at last only upon his feet. Even if he had more than two of these and could walk in all directions at once, his bewil-

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dered wits should have the benefit of a labor intelligence bureau which can keep him informed upon the conditions of industry, chances in other communities and parts of the country, as well as upon specific job vacancies in his own neighborhood. An adequate Federal employment system is needed which shall reinforce and coördinate the State and municipal employment agencies into a modern service.

But over and beyond the need for industrial regularization, the need for public works and for a Federal employment system, there is the need for some form of protection against what would seem to be unpreventable unemployment. For there are certain situations in which it is hard to fix the blame. The disappearance of the cut-glass trade was probably more mysterious to the factory owners than it was to Zarone.

Clearly whether unemployment is controllable or uncontrollable its ultimate burden falls upon men least able to bear it and frequently upon those in no way responsible for its incidence. Most of the great modern nations have provided their workers with some form of insurance against such unemployment. We have not.

A small group of progressive American employers have set up employment reserves, and in the garment trades we have had an outstanding example of a

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mutual fund under labor-management control. The United States has built up better employment statistics by industries than has Europe. It is held by certain economists that an original scheme of protective insurance classified by trades and establishments can be devised so that, as in our fire insurance companies, the economic pressure of the system will give an advantage to those industries which regularize their employment. But whether protection is arranged by individual management, by the trade as a whole, or through public action, as in compensation laws, the burden of unemployment should not be allowed to fall solely on the family of the worker.

A statement on the right to work, formulated in his early days as practicing lawyer by Justice Louis D. Brandeis, translates these conclusions, made by the settlements in the terms of the home and family of the worker, into the terms of the employer.

"For every employee who is 'steady in his work,' there shall be steady work. The right to regularity in employment is co-equal with the right to regularity in the payment of rent, in the payment of interest on bonds, in the delivery to customers of the high quality of products contracted for. No business is successfully conducted which does not perform fully the obligations incident to each of these rights. Each of these obligations is equally a fixed charge. No dividend should be paid unless each of these fixed

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charges has been met. The reserve to insure regularity of employment is as imperative as the reserve for depreciation; and it is equally a part of the fixed charges to make the annual contribution to that reserve. No business is socially solvent which cannot do so."

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BY HELEN HALL

I HAVE never confronted such misery as on the zero day of my arrival in Detroit. It was still dark at 7:30 when our train pulled in, and I had forgotten how cold cold could be until I stepped out on to the station platform that January morning. After breakfast at Franklin Street Settlement, we set out for the Department of Public Welfare. There we came upon muffled men and women at the entrance. They crowded the lower corridors and we had to push by. They were on the stairs and filled the upper halls, standing, waiting their turn. I wanted to look at them and see what type of men and women they really were, but I was ashamed to look. I felt suddenly conscious of the fur lining of my coat and the good breakfast I had eaten. Perhaps it was the bitter cold I had come in from and they had come in from that gave me the impression that they were congealed into one disconsolate lump.

When I came out two hours later the same lines were there, literally the same lines, for I recognized a red knitted cap on one of the men, such a sad little man, and his cap wasn't much nearer the window.

¹ Reprinted from the *Survey Graphic* for April, 1930.

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And inside they were working fast and steadily and, it seemed to me, with great kindness. In December alone the department had disbursed nearly half a million dollars in public relief. Two-thirds of the families had been driven to apply because of the unemployment of the breadwinner. In January the figure was to rise to \$650,000.

Henry W. Zahrn, the director, and his associates had given me an insight into the make-up of the lines, and now as I came out my first impression was of their youth. They were not the faces you see around soup-kitchens. That afternoon I called at other welfare stations. Seven had been opened in different parts of the city so that the people would not have so far to go and the crowds could be more easily handled. A church sheltered one of them, and a dreary congregation they looked! Visitors sometimes say that they do not see how we settlement workers can stand living where we see so much trouble; they do not realize that we also see our neighbors when they are gay. But I felt that way about those welfare stations. The only worse thing I've ever seen was the look on the faces of a company of French poilus who had been in the trenches four years; all hope seemed to have been wiped out and an intense weariness had taken its place.

When I came to visit the homes of some of these men and women I could gauge something of the

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struggle that so often had gone on before they had come to the welfare stations. Asking for help, even if the cause for it lies far outside our own control, means a serious breakdown in family pride and self-confidence, a self-confidence which seldom blossoms again with the same sturdiness. As one woman said to me, "My husband hated to go stand in those lines, but I drove him to it. We couldn't see the children starve. He don't seem to mind it so much now!"

The Onottos were living on potatoes and pancakes when the father finally asked for help. He had been out since October from the Michigan Steel Corporation. Before Wesley Rollins finally appealed, he had carried his family for five and a half months, in spite of the serious illness of one of the children. He is a Nova Scotian, thirty-two years old, and for four years had worked at Murray Body.

Susie Lock was in the line because her husband had deserted her and her two small children. Matthew had worked at the Timken Axle Works for the first four years after he and Susie were married. Then he changed to the Cadillac Motors, where they were paying more per hour. But his department so often didn't work the full nine hours a day, and with time out each year for inventory, they weren't able to save enough to tide them over this last three and a half months' idleness. She was still bewildered by what had happened when I saw her in their flat

in the rear of a two-family house. Her story as she told it: "I said to him, 'You must be lazy or you'd have gotten a job!' I don't know what ever made me say it, but he'd been gone so long that day I thought surely he'd got something. And he just gets up and says, 'All right, if you feel that way about it, I'll go to Chicago and look for a job!' And then he gets right out. You see, he knows a guy who's got an old Ford, and him and three others have gone off in it. But it's an open car and it's so cold and that was Tuesday and I ain't heard. And I wish I'd never said it."

The age factor may have entered somewhat into Henry Nelson's problem. He seemed anxious to sit down when we came in and steadied himself by the furniture, but I didn't know then that he was weak for lack of food. When the department had come in on the case he had had little or nothing to eat for three days. He was fifty-two, a bad age, practically hopeless for a job when young men couldn't get work, and he was aware of it; for he was an old Detroitter, had worked for Ford, Graham-Paige, and Fisher Body, and knew the ropes. But he had kept on trying because he had "the missus to look after." There were two sons and a married daughter. Both sons and the son-in-law had been out of work for three months. Four men workless and wageless in one family!

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The lines at the city welfare stations are not the only ones. More of the automobile workers were to be found among the men and women shuffling dejectedly at the public and private employment offices, and again all of them at one time or another in those lines which run into the thousands before the gate of any of the large plants which are hiring help, and in lesser numbers, before the door of any plant, whether it is hiring or not.

For the men who are laid off feel that they still belong. They go back and back. Detroit is spread out. Even in normal times workmen sometimes travel two hours to work and two hours back. But when work is hard to get, they may spend the night in line waiting to be let in through the gates to the employment offices in the morning. In freezing weather they build fires to warm themselves, and what with the wet and the strain, there are occasional fracasés to get up front and a rush when opening time comes. Joe Smith told me he was put through the line so fast at Hudson Motors that he had time to tell of only one thing he could do. So as he worked in four different departments, he changed hats and coats with his friends and went through the line four times.

John Rogers made comment on the search for employment: "Only God knows, and sometimes I think even God don't know much, about hunting a job."

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He has had varied experience with automobile factories—Dodge, Chrysler, and Briggs Manufacturing Company—and with the ups and downs of prosperity. In 1928, the year after their child was born, he worked steadily, making an average of \$30 a week. "We lived that year," Mrs. Rogers said to her Franklin Street neighbor. "We went on the boat and I went to the library and got books. We furnished our rooms, too." She looked about the rooms with pride. "We didn't spend our money foolish. But then came the black year." The black year was 1929. John worked from January to July last year, and during that time he earned \$644.06. In April he saw signs of a lay-off and Mrs. Rogers started in to earn. In the summer months several families for whom she worked went away and she averaged only about two days a week. They managed out of that and out of the little they had saved.

"How did you get along?"

"We et tight," John allowed.

Can you visualize Thomas Karekin getting his supper at five o'clock, his black-eyed, curly-haired little children gravely lending a hand to the fixing of the gunny sacks on his feet, which are to keep them from freezing in the all-night wait in the fields outside the factory gates? This happened every night for seven weeks until he landed a job at the Ford

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plant. That was seven years ago, but this year his son froze his legs standing in the same line.

During those seven years, Mr. Karekin can never remember having full-time work the year round. There was always slack in winter, although he is proud never to have lost his badge during the whole period, and he had not been off entirely except for two weeks before Christmas each year. But after those two weeks he went back generally to slack work. This year it had been two days a week for so long that at the time of my visit they owed their city tax of \$98.01, a State and county tax of \$32.50, and an alley tax of \$19.75. They owed two gas bills, two electric bills, the insurance was due, and they were two months behind in their payments on their house.

There are eight children. The nineteen-year-old daughter is working in a lawyer's office so that between her weekly wages and her father's two days' pay they were able to keep from asking for any outside help, only an extension of credit. "The children all eat like grown-ups now, though," Mr. Karekin said. He was born in this country of Syrian parents. Mrs. Karekin was born in Syria, is going to school to learn to read, and her black eyes snapped as she described the school. "Oh, but I like it awful. It's nice to read," she said.

Besides being afraid of losing their house, they

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were afraid of losing a new stove and two new rugs. The husband explained that he wouldn't have bought them because he "don't like debts," but "Ford he gets a new model out and I think everything will be fine, but it ain't." The stove in question, around which they all grouped themselves, was certainly not an extravagance for a family where four adults were able and willing to work. The oldest girl was starting out each morning at five o'clock to look for a job, but she had been doing this for six months, since the firm for which she worked closed down. The good-looking eighteen-year-old boy also was going out searching each day; it was six months since he had worked. Mrs. Karekin said, "He don't like to loaf, and it ain't right a young man should. Having nothing in the pocket and loafing, and being young, it ain't good. Trouble comes that way."

Thomas Karekin was working two days a week. In January a statement given out by the Ford Motor Company was to the effect that 36,000 employees were on a part-time basis while 68,000 were working full time. If that proportion holds, one-third of the factory workers listed as employed this winter in Detroit were working part time during some of the months. What does this mean to the worker and his family? It means almost always that no saving is possible, and generally that debts are being con-

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tracted; that the strain of living is intensified to the breaking point; and all of this, we must remember, while they are not officially regarded as being out of work. It means also that when a lay-off comes, as it so often does after a period of part-time work, they have no reserves to tide them over.

If this side of the story had been given the superb publicity which the \$5, \$6, and \$7 a day has had, there would be a better understanding of the situation of the automobile workers. Seven dollars a day two or three times a week is quite different from what "\$7 a day" implies. These representative cases of part-time workers were given me by a responsible social agency (the names, as elsewhere, fictitious):

Ralph Benda, ten years in the automobile industry. Forty-one years old. His earnings for 1927 were \$621.77, for 1928, \$708.50; and for 1929, \$903.

Benjamin Desuka, at Dodge Brothers for nine years. His yearly income for 1929 was \$934.50. He is thirty-three, his wife thirty, and they have five small children.

William Powers, thirty, two years with Chevrolet. \$1,043.52 earned in 1929. He has seven small children under eleven years of age.

Stanley Kopper, two years with L. A. Young; income for 1929, \$702. He is thirty-eight and has three small children.

John Wilson. Earnings for 1927, \$346; for 1928,

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\$438; and for 1929, \$513.52. The man, laid off by Chrysler after steady employment, has been off and on with both Dodge and Murray Body since. He is forty and his wife is thirty-seven. Eight children.

These men are all in the highest wage-earning period of their lives and are equal to sticking to a job and willing to work. Yet they were not able to average enough in a year to support their families in spite of a daily wage which has rung around the world.

Take Frank Rogers, who ran a press for the Kelsey Wheel for twelve years, starting at 20 cents an hour and getting 65 cents when he was laid off last June. He is a big red-cheeked man about fifty who, as he said, always paid the bills on the first of the month, and moved to his present house because there was a bath in it. When he was let go the plant was working two or three days a week. He found it a discouraging struggle to be out of work eight months and was now beginning to get in debt, but because he had always been so steady before, people were willing to trust him a bit longer. He goes in and asks where there is no help wanted. Once he got a job when the sign was down. He said he knows it is discouraging for a firm to see men hanging around, but he goes back every Monday morning to Kelsey's. All they say is, "Keep in touch with us."

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The part-time work bears harder than anything else on women wage-earners. Lucy Lawler is a widow with three children. She was thirty-two her last birthday. She assembles small parts at the Hudson Motors, and in a busy season with steady work, gets \$28 a week. She was laid off in August and up to January had had nothing since but one day and sometimes one hour a week. One week she was notified to come in. She reported for several days and finally was put to work for half an hour. Her pay for that week was 28 cents and her carfare 60 cents.

Every day as I went about I was struck with the different slants one gets on the same city. Last year when I visited in Detroit I saw its loveliest things, the magnificent museum, so light and so beautiful; a stained-glass Gothic window in a cathedral; the Pewabic Pottery; a charming club at Grosse Point. This year each morning as I came downstairs at the Franklin Street Settlement, I saw people sitting on a little bench in the hall. They were neighbors who had come to ask help in finding jobs.

The headworker of another settlement who came to luncheon told us of two newspaper clippings. The first, from a paper in a small southern town, said that Ford was taking on a lot of men. The second, six months later in a Detroit paper, said that a young man had committed suicide in a rooming-house. John

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Gage saw the first clipping and started for Detroit. There he found work in the Chrysler plant. This lasted four weeks, but when he was laid off he had saved enough money to carry him until he was taken on again. Then a lay-off came in November, which continued till the middle of January. No jobs to be found except an occasional one at shoveling snow, and the Detroit Public Welfare does not help single men. Just two weeks before, our luncheon visitor had found some work for him to do around the settlement and told him to come back again if he didn't find an opening. She had no further word from him until neighbors came in to tell her he had shot himself.

We went to a meeting on unemployment in a downtown church which reflected the Detroit I had seen the year before. The rector, a very charming old gentleman, introduced the subject by saying that he "had heard that there was much unemployment in Detroit" and next read President Hoover's statement as to the improvement in conditions. His assistant then took over the meeting with introductory remarks in which he urged that we teach people to spend the \$500 they earn in a month carefully, and finished by telling how "the poor we have always with us."

During my stay this year I visited various business organizations. *The Detrouiter*, published by the De-

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troit Board of Commerce, started its January 6 issue with an article headed, "What is Wrong with This Picture?" Below was reproduced a graph with factory employment curves from 1919 to 1929. The estimates given me at the Board of Commerce, the Employers' Association of Detroit, and the Michigan State Manufacturers' Association put the peak of such employment for 1929 in Detroit at 450,000 last spring. Before the end of the year it had dropped to 300,000, a shrinkage of 150,000. While the black lines of their charts registered what had happened, there seemed to be no convincing movement under way for ironing out the curves. I was impressed, however, with the progressive viewpoint of John L. Lovett, general manager of the Michigan Manufacturers' Association. He felt that there were employers in Michigan who are ready to take a forward step in the matter of stabilizing employment:

"We are working on two plans here, leveled production and labor exchange. A little progress has been made. March, April, May, and June are the peak months in sales. Motors can't be stored like shoes. The whole question when it comes to arguing for leveled production is that we must have cars to deliver when the public wants them. In other words, can the buyer be induced to wait a month or more for delivery?

"The fact that the Ford Motor Company controls

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35 per cent. of the automobile output," he said, "but is not a party to the planning of the industry as a whole, makes the situation more difficult." From many sides I heard that the Packard Company had done the most to make work steady for their men. But we must leave the office buildings and get back again to the homes of the people if you would understand what this winter has meant to Detroit.

It seems a far cry from the Ford, Hudson, and Chevrolet motor plants to a steaming dish of yellow peppers which Mrs. Carraro was putting on the table as we entered the little kitchen. Nonetheless, as the three men who were to eat the peppers worked respectively at those three plants, there was quite a close connection between the peppers and the firms. And the scene about the table is as cheerful an introduction as I find to a group of families who have weathered the winter as best they may on their own.

The regularity of the peppers depended on the regularity of work. Mr. Carraro, the father of the family, worked at the Ford plant. He had been laid off for a month, but had gone back that day. He said that in his eight years at Ford's he had never had more than eight months' steady work in a year. Paul, one of the boarders, after a long lay-off, had just had three days' work at the Chevrolet, and he was absorbing his peppers with beaming satisfaction.

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John, another boarder who was not so cheerful, although an obliging interpreter, had been off for four months from the Hudson plant. In telling us of it he said hopefully that his boss had said maybe he could go back in two weeks. This household of two young children, mother and father, and two boarders, was ambitious and thrifty. The home was tidy, and the little girl that came in told us eagerly that she had passed at school.

Anthony Lombardo was still out of work when I called at his home. He came from Italy to America twenty years ago and to Detroit in 1923. The day he arrived he found a job at Ford's, taking it over from a man who quit because he had found lifting girders too hard. He said:

"He was the big man with the long neck. Now, me, I'm broad and short and it's not so hard for me to stoop down. In Bridgeport where I was the fireman in a hospital for seven years, when I putta da coal on the fire sometimes I stand and sometimes I stoop; but when I do this job I never get a look up. I worka six years with this job, but all that time eight months is the longest I ever go steady in one year. For more than one year I only work two or three days a week. Everybody say here, 'Why don't you save when you work?' But how can you save when you no work steady? If I could get \$5 a day all year, I could put this little pieca for the rent,

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this pieca for the coal, this pieca for the electric, and then maybe I can putta this away for to save and know where I go. But now you work, you make something, you stop. You spend what you got save. You getta the debts. Then you get a job. You pay the debts. You save a little. You stop. And now I stop too long this time.

"Me, I don't drink," he added; "I stay home nights with the kids." For shortly after he had come to Detroit he had married a Scotch woman, Mary Gilly, and her accent mingled sympathetically with his broken English: "It seems like you eat up the money so quick when you're out of work. It's no such a bad matter for the big people, but it is the kiddies that need good food." The children in question, two little girls of three and four, were playing around the washtub in the kitchen. The father looked reflectively at them: "I got only the two kids. I don't lika da big family. I better do the best I can for the two."

It is inherent in most of us to long for a reasonable foothold in life. This quality was intensified in the Buchanans. They fought for it. They are both twenty-nine and both Scotch, coming to America by way of Canada. They have brought all their native thriftiness to bear on solving the problem of making a home for themselves and their five children, but

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this last period of idleness has discouraged them. Mrs. Buchanan said, with a roll to the r's:

"We have struggled for ten years and we are still in deep water. No movies, no fancy clothes, no radio, or no fuleishness. Just saving for our house. We lost the house we started to buy, once, and it looks as though we were going to lose this one. We have paid \$800 down on it and bought all our furniture, and are renting it furnished, and we wouldn't have any trouble if he were only working. We had \$5000 paid on the last house and then we lost it. He was out of work for six months that time. This time he has been out seven weeks so far. Perhaps I shouldn't set such store by having a home of our own. . . . It's the insecurity that kills you, not the work or the saving."

George Wayne and Charles Perry are in their late twenties. They live in a shabby old rooming-house where one and two rooms are called apartments. If tidiness and a carefully thought-out arrangement of the ice-box and the bed can make one room an apartment, Mrs. Perry's room should certainly be called one. Mr. Perry is the sort of person you feel that employment managers long for— young, but not too young; married, but not enough children to keep his mind from his work, just two; tall, neat, and strong and obviously American in both looks and accent. And yet with all this, Charles

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Perry had been out of work since September, when he was let off at the Chrysler plant. Originally the thought of better pay had lured him from the repair shop of a bakery, where he had worked for two years. He says he ought to have had sense enough to stay where his work was steady. But even that bakery had laid off most of its men this winter, because the restaurants which it supplied with bread were going out of business. These served the people who worked for the automobile firms, and they had lost their customers. He had had one week's work in four months and that was with the city, procured through the City Welfare Department, where he went to ask for work. He had not asked for relief, because the wife started to work with a firm which supplies wind-shields for Ford cars. She was working very irregularly, sometimes two hours a day, but it had meant food so far. Both of these young people were resentful and bewildered by their plight.

The Waynes, who live across the hall, chafe too under the breaking up of their plans. They are a particularly ambitious couple and have tried over and over to get a little place of their own, but have always had to spend their savings in time of idleness. Mrs. Wayne says, "It don't take long for the rent to take a bank-roll down." They have one little boy of four and the wife first started to work when her husband was laid off in 1927. She says she remembers

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it because the night she followed up the advertisement it was below zero. It was two weeks night work and one week day. She had to give it up shortly because she was ill, and fortunately her husband went back to work. But when she was well she decided to go to work again so that they could start to save once more. They had just come to the point where they had caught up, had money laid aside, and she could stop working when he was laid off again this season. There had been but two or three days' work for two months, and then for three months no earning at all. Again their savings went, even though the wife kept on working. What she earned wasn't enough to keep them, it was so irregular. "The trouble is you just can't plan ahead," she said.

Martha and Tiburnias Sidlick depend on the Ford for more than a summer vacation. Martha is eighteen and Tiburnias, her husband, is twenty-five. Martha is blond and blue-eyed and engaging. Her family immigrated from Hungary before she was born and she has a great feeling for American citizenship. She is proud of being an American by birth, and proud too that her husband, who came here as a child from Rumania, grew up to be a citizen.

He is small and dark and eager. For six years he had worked at the Ford plant and had saved very steadily, but much of his savings had gone to help

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his mother and younger brothers and sisters. He had \$150 at the time of his lay-off last September, but these savings, Martha told me, went "awful quick." Although they were expecting a baby in February, she herself started out to find work. She went downtown almost every day for two months until, as she put it, one of the department stores was so tired of seeing her that they took her on in December at \$14 a week.

She was able to pay \$5 down on the rent and give a little to the grocer and something to the others she owed. "It shows them you mean to pay," she explained. At the end of two weeks the store let her off. This holiday season was one of the worst Detroit has ever known, and the forewoman told her they must give some one else the chance.

Now all this time, October, November, December, January, Tiburnias went out every day looking for work. Once he too found a job at \$14 a week with an electric company which supplies materials to the Ford plants, but this company closed down a fortnight later. Then he tried to sell vacuum cleaners, but people didn't seem to be putting money into vacuum cleaners this winter. One day he got a job shoveling snow. Looking for work was kind of expensive, Martha said, because it took 6 cents here and 6 cents there, or else he walked, and then if he

walked all day without lunch, he felt pretty sick when he came home.

One day in late January, Martha screwed up her courage and wrote to the Ford office and told them her story, that her baby was coming soon and how much her husband needed his work back. A day or so afterward two women came to see her from the company and left her a little card which they told her to give to her husband to take to the plant the next morning.

My visit with Martha was on the day that her husband had taken the card, and every little while throughout the conversation she would say, "I guess he didn't get it or he would have been back." And then a little later, "He would have been back to tell me if he had got it." And then, "I guess he didn't get it." We heard a quick step on the porch and Martha caught her breath. Tiburnias came in, his face alight, and looking straight at Martha, without even seeing the rest of us, he called to her, "Well, I've got my old job back."

Even if one could end every family story with words so laden with a happy significance as "I've got my old job back," the tale would not be told. There is next winter coming for the Sidlicks, with Martha's baby bringing extra pressure to bear; there are all the winters to come, with their own vicissitudes. And there are the 150,000 other workers in Detroit who

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were out of work this winter and who had no such stroke of luck—and there are the uncounted thousands of wage-losers in the districts tributary to the automobile center.

Pontiac, where are factories belonging to the Fisher Body, the Yellow Cab, the Oakland, and Willys-Knight, is twenty miles from Detroit, and we wrapped up pretty thoroughly for the drive there. It is one of those unfinished industrial towns huddled around a city hall, its streets straggling out into a flat country. Things had been astir the morning I reached Pontiac. The Communists had staged a demonstration, the police had broken it up, the leader had been arrested, and there were little knots of people about the City Hall talking it over. It was said that the Communists had been spreading discontent among the unemployed. Irony in that, for surely it doesn't take a Communist to make one feel discontented after six months of unemployment. And that is what many of the workers in Pontiac had been up against. Last spring, when unemployment was at its peak, there were 29,000 at work; last fall they dipped to 14,000. The public funds were being called on to the extent of approximately 2000 grocery orders a week, and the officials estimated that as high as 90 per cent. of the people coming to them came because of unemployment.

I saw the same sort of waiting lines in Pontiac that

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I had seen in Detroit and they stood for the same sort of cases. In the bus to Flint—it's forty-five miles—a man behind me talked jubilantly of a new job awaiting him; but at last even his voice and the thought of those disconsolate groups we were leaving behind were lost in the ride. It was just at sundown and so beautiful I could have gone on forever. The sun set over snow-covered fields and apple orchards, and cast a glow over the bleakness. It was good to see something lovely.

As I drive a Buick, I some way felt an extra interest in the city where that car is made. According to a report made by the Flint Chamber of Commerce, over 90 per cent. of all the local industrial wage-earners are employed in plants which are subsidiaries of General Motors. I had associated high dividends and big profits so long with the General Motors that I couldn't believe that all the dreary things I'd met so far would be true here too. But they were, and somehow there seemed an extra flatness. The very fact that a whole city of 150,000 people depends for livelihood upon one corporation gives a sense of hopelessness in bad times.

"Bright Future for Auto Industry Seen by Manufacturer Official" had been the cheerful streamer in the Flint *Daily Journal* for November 27, but Thanksgiving had its limitations when unofficial reports for November cited local production at 10,000

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units against a normal of 70,000. The *Journal* published an article listing "Industrial Firms of State Running Short Schedules," but omitting any reference to local conditions. Two inches was given up to a young man who committed suicide. No motive, the item said, could be found. He was to have returned to work "in a few days."

The Chamber of Commerce was not willing to give me employment figures. Its January bulletin began with an article giving the rise in building permits in the five-year period ending December 31—"Flint Makes Remarkable Growth!" was the heading—but the secretary told me that the rise and fall of industrial employment is not made public. In a pamphlet, *Progressive Flint*, issued by the Chamber in 1929, under the heading "A Fortunate City," the statement began: "Flint considers her economic structure as particularly advantageous and stable."

Nonetheless, one grocer reported in November that his business had fallen in two weeks from \$100 to \$40 a day. A dairy reported in December that its milk routes were running \$10 to \$12 a day lower than usual. A baking company found a drop of 7000 loaves a day in December. The Industrial Department of the Y. W. C. A. had made a study of conditions because of the situation among the girls who came to them. The Social Service Bureau, at the time of my visit in January, particularly stressed the

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high type of family that was beginning, after six months of hard times, to come to them for assistance; and the City Poor Fund grocery bill approximated \$15,000 that month, which was more than the entire food bill during the preceding fiscal year.

Throughout the Middle West are the manufacturers of parts, the producers of the raw materials that go into cars. In Cincinnati, the personnel director of a milling machine company explained how the automobile industry was their "weather"; beyond a certain point they could not regularize employment in his plants so long as the demand from the machine rooms of the auto centers was so unsteady. In Braddock I caught a glimpse of the broken working time of the steel workers in the Pittsburgh district. The Slavs know how to get along pretty well in spite of it, the mill-town priest told me, but it was hard on the Americans who had not had the discipline of poverty. All eastern Ohio was affected by the slump in motor car manufacture during the fall and winter, accentuating the general business situation. In Cleveland, the Associated Charities reported that in the slack times this winter, unemployment accounted for 75 per cent. of their case load, and the City-State Employment Office—whose work impressed me as the most competent I saw anywhere—reported that

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there were fewer jobs to be had there than in any January since 1922.

At Friendly Inn in Cleveland they were planning a barber shop and boot-blackening stand in the settlement basement as an outlet for some of the half-grown colored boys who were out of work. One evening we went up to the top floor where I met an assortment of big gawky boys of sixteen and seventeen. They were all introduced separately and they each rose and made a little bow and said, "Please tow meet you, Miss Hall," in a soft drawl, with the whites of their eyes rolling nervously. Then we proceeded, sitting in a circle in approved round-table fashion. I did my best to draw them out and I did, but not in the way I anticipated.

Each one told how hard his job had been, how he'd had to quit because "he didn't like to get so tiahed," or he "just like to res' in the winter and work in the summer," and one said that "there wasn't no reason anybody couldn't get a good job if they jest get out and looks for it." He hadn't got out; he was a fighter, and he didn't care to work because he "made so much money as a caddy at the golf links he didn't need to do nuthin' but caddy and fight." When pressed to know whether any of them worked in the automobile business, one killing boy rolled his eyes to the ceiling and said, "Yes, ma'am, I did."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, I sits on de radiator of de Franklin to show it don't get hot. I rides all day in a bathin' suit with writin' on it. But I has to walk home in the bathin' suit, and I doesn't like dat."

"Yeah," broke in another one, "it was a one-piece bathing suit, too."

Our tester snorted. "How come you say that? I never wore no one-piece, it was *two* all de time."

Whereat the round table ended. I had not been very successful in exhibiting the plight of the Negro migrants to the northern cities, much less that of my young informants who were so reassuringly polite. They were putting up a front like many a chamber of commerce, the Cleveland Chamber, for example, which had resisted efforts to get public recognition of either the seriousness or the manageability of the unemployment problem. But I would rather think now of those young boys I met at Friendly Inn than of all those waiting lines of people I had seen, waiting for work or relief, people whose households build their hopes and fears around the cars we use or pleasure in. Would that the tongues of angels could plead for the families I had seen!

The experience that automobile makers have gone through is paralleled by that of the radio makers and other of our new mass production industries that are seasonal or subject to violent shifts in the market. This winter's dislocations have been on a grand scale,

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but the condition is one which is repeated in a greater or less degree every year.

The unemployment study of the National Federation of Settlements has not been made with a view to pointing out remedies for unemployment. We know that the seasonal curves in some industries where management has recognized their waste have been ironed out. We know that some employers have faced the problems of technological unemployment in their own plants and overcome them. We know that in some measure money for public works has been used to ward off slack times and ease them when they come. We know that public employment departments have been organized which could serve as models for the rest of the country. We know that systems of insurance or employment reserves which protect workers through slack seasons have been evolved. But we know that these things are as yet only sporadic efforts on the part of generous, far-sighted men.

May I remind the reader again that mine is not a record of the unemployable? Those of whom I have written are people who can and will work. Their records show this to be true. I have tried to let them speak for themselves. There is small doubt that if the voices of such men and women could reach far enough they would rouse the leaders of our times

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to the recognition that to give security to employment is a task worthy of the builders of American industry.

Not far from our settlement house in Philadelphia is the Rodin Museum, and I often go there to see the more than life-size bronze group in the yard—his *Burghers of Calais*. You know the story of how, when the English besieged that medieval city, they promised to spare the town if six men could be found who would give their lives for Calais. Rodin has caught the hostages as they were leaving the city gates, moving toward their death. When you come on them first you get a sense of mass, only made living by lights and shadows. Gradually as you stay the figures emerge, but only as men sharing a common destiny. Then if you stay long enough you begin to know what that destiny means to each one of them, and after you have felt this you never see them again just as parts of a group. You know that Calais is still near, for one man looks back and shields his eyes from the pain of it. His strong body, which strains toward the city, tells of a full and well-loved life behind him. You know that he still feels the warmth of his wife's last touch and the pull of his little children's arms. Beside him is an old man who walks bent forward, with no look behind, the sag of age held straight in the grip of determination. It is not so hard for him because he has almost done with

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life. A younger man leads them on with a bold gesture. His is the courage which comes from physical stamina, youth without imagination. There is an old Puritan, a sour man but just. He carries the keys of the city to the conquerors. You know by the grim look of the mouth that he allows no quarter for himself or for others. He takes his tragedy as sternly as he has taken his triumphs, a safe man to hold the keys of a city, but no one to adventure with on a spring day. I am sure his wife dared not cry until he had left her. There is one gentle figure, strong and beautiful. The eyes look way ahead, beyond the place where they go to die to the glory that lies beyond. But while his eyes look ahead, his hand leads his comrades on. It is a gesture which leads while it tries to explain. His own pain doesn't matter; perhaps he doesn't feel it; but their pain he feels and he longs to take their spirits with him beyond their suffering. He himself is beyond the need for courage.

Perhaps three hundred years from now, or a hundred, or fifty—or less if you are hopeful—some sculptor will fashion a knot of men standing in our employment lines of today as hostages of the modern industrial center, so that all men may see their personal tragedies as well as the civic drama of it. And the citizens of Detroit may set the statue up in a public square as symbol of their deliverance from a great threat to the life of the people.

SETTLEMENTS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS COÖPERATING IN THE UNEMPLOYMENT STUDY

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CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles
Probation Office

CONNECTICUT

Hartford
Hartford Social Settlement

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington
Friendship House

LIST OF COÖPERATING SETTLEMENTS

GEORGIA

Atlanta

Family Welfare Society

Columbus

Family Welfare Society

Savannah

Family Welfare Society

ILLINOIS

Chicago

Chicago Commons

Fellowship House

Hull House

Laird Community House

Olivet Institute

South Chicago Center

University of Chicago Settlement

INDIANA

Indianapolis

Social Service Public Schools

KENTUCKY

Louisville

Baptist Good Will Center

Calvary Point Community House

Neighborhood House

Ninth and Hill Center

Plymouth Settlement

Rose Hudson Community Center

Sunshine Center

Wesley Community House

LOUISIANA

Lafayette

Home Relief Association

LIST OF COÖPERATING SETTLEMENTS

New Orleans

Family Service Society
Kingsley House

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston

Dennison House
Elizabeth Peabody House
Ellis Memorial
Good Will Neighborhood House
Jamaica Plain Neighborhood House
Lincoln House
Little House
North Bennett Street Industrial School
North Brighton Community Centre
North End Union
Robert Gould Shaw House
Roxbury Neighborhood House
South End House
Trinity Neighborhood House

Cambridge

Cambridge Neighborhood House
East End Union
Margaret Fuller House

Fall River

King Philip Settlement House

Roxbury

Norfolk House Center

MICHIGAN

Detroit

Dodge Community House
Franklin Street Settlement
Highland Park Community Center

LIST OF COÖPERATING SETTLEMENTS

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis

North East Neighborhood House
Pillsbury Settlement House
Washington Neighborhood House
Wells Memorial House

MISSOURI

St. Louis

Holy Cross Corporation
Kingdom House
Neighborhood Association
Wesley House

NEBRASKA

Omaha

Omaha Social Settlement

NEW JERSEY

Newark

Ironbound Community House
Jewish Day Nursery and Neighborhood House

Orange

Orange Valley Social Settlement

NEW YORK

Buffalo

Welcome Hall

New York City

Christodora House
Church of the Sea and Land
College Settlement
East Side House
Federation Settlement
Greenwich House

LIST OF COÖPERATING SETTLEMENTS

Haarlem House
Hebrew Educational Society
Henry Street Settlement
Hudson Guild
Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement
Neighborhood House of the Central Presbyterian Church
New York Urban League
110th Street Neighborhood Club
Recreation Rooms and Settlement
Stuyvesant Neighborhood House
Union Settlement
Willoughby House Settlement

Rochester

Baden Street Settlement
Charles Settlement House
Lewis Street Center

OHIO

Cleveland

Alta Social Settlement
Friendly Inn
Goodrich Social Settlement
Hiram House
Merrick House

Toledo

North Toledo Community House

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia

College Settlement
House of Industry
Neighborhood Center
Saint Martha's House
Settlement Music School
Southwark Neighborhood House

LIST OF COÖPERATING SETTLEMENTS

Stanfield Playground
The Lighthouse
University House
Webster House
Workman Place House

Pittsburgh

Irene Kaufman Settlement
Kingsley House
Woods Run Settlement

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston

Associated Charities

TENNESSEE

Nashville

Martha O'Bryan Community House

UTAH

Salt Lake City

Neighborhood House

WISCONSIN

Madison

Neighborhood House

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